

# RESULT OF FIRST CRICKET COMPETITION

**SMOKE**  
THE CELEBRATED  
"PIONEER"  
SWEETENED TOBACCO,  
KNOWN ALL OVER THE  
WORLD.  
MANUFACTURED BY THE  
RICHMOND  
CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,  
AT THEIR  
BONDED WORKS,  
LIVERPOOL,  
AND  
Sold by all first-class  
Tobacconists at Home and  
Abroad.

# PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,  
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

# WEEKLY.

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No. 412.]

TRANSMISSION AT  
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 11, 1898.

ENTERED AT  
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## Linen Lasts Longer.

Your Clothes delightfully sweet, wholesome, lily-white,  
and fresh as sea breezes, if soaked and washed with

## HUDSON'S SOAP

A Fine Powder—in Packets.

 Shirts, Cuffs, and Collars washed with Hudson's  
Soap are thoroughly washed, therefore remain much  
longer clean—with about half the usual labour.

## Cadbury's cocoa

"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."

—The LANCET.  
Always INSIST on CADBURY'S, as adulterated Cocoas are sometimes pushed for extra profit.  
Be very particular what you drink in these days of adulteration. It is most  
essential to health that your daily home beverages should be of the purest  
quality, entirely free from such drugs as Kola.

PURE, WHOLESOME, DELICIOUS.

## BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

The unfailing Resource of every Lady of the House and  
successful Housekeeper.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

**BIRD'S  
CUSTARD**  
WITH  
TINNED FRUIT.

The Simplest and one  
of the most attractive  
Dishes for Luncheon,  
Dinner, or Supper. As  
an article of Diet,  
BIRD'S CUSTARD is  
unrivalled for Nutri-  
ment and Delicacy of  
Flavour.

"SCOTLAND'S BEST"

## Pattisons'

## WHISKY

THE PINK OF PERFECTION.

A Wholesome and Agreeable Stimulant of Unrivalled Quality and Flavour.  
OLDEST, FINEST, PUREST, RICH, MELLOW, SOFT.

*The King of Scotch Whiskies.*

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sole Proprietors: **PATTISONS LIMITED,**  
HIGHLAND DISTILLERS,  
**LEITH, BALLINDALLOCH, AND LONDON.**  
Head Office: CONSTITUTION STREET, LEITH.

**THE SWEETS PAR EXCELLENCE.**



This choicest Sweet made from Fresh Clotted Cream.  
**CHOCOLATE SYRUP.** This is the most delicious form as a Sweet:  
1000. 1000. 1000. 1000. 1000.

IT IS THE EARNEST WISH OF THE EDITOR AND STAFF OF P.W. THAT YOU SHOULD THIS WEEK  
SEND A DONATION—BE IT EVER SO SMALL—TO THE "FRESH AIR FUND."

# PEARSON'S

## TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

### "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

The signing of this coupon by the purchaser will be sufficient to entitle his or her next-of-kin or legal representative to the benefits of the £2,000 Railway Insurance and the Cycling Insurance, provided the conditions of the insurance coupon have been fulfilled.

1. The policy must be taken out by the purchaser of this coupon.  
2. The policy must be taken out by the purchaser of this coupon.  
3. The policy must be taken out by the purchaser of this coupon.

No. 112.]

TRANSMISSION AT  
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 11, 1898.

ENTERED AT  
STATIONERS' HALL.

[ONE PENNY.]

### Love's Millionaire.

WITHIN my little cottage  
Are peace and warmth and light,  
And loving welcome waiting  
When I come home at night.  
The polished kettle's steaming,  
The snowy cloth is spread,  
And close against my shoulder  
There leans a smooth, brown head.  
Her eyes are lit with laughter  
(They light the world for me!)  
"For how much would you sell me?  
Now tell me, sir!" cried she.  
'Tis then I answer somehow,  
Between a smile and tear:  
"Not for all the gold in Klondyke!  
The gold in Klondyke, dear!"

When the cosy tea is over,  
With many a frolic fond,  
I sit and read my paper;  
And from the room beyond  
I hear the clink of china,  
The tread of nimble feet,  
And broken bits of singing  
That somehow ripple sweet.  
I hear a rush and rustle  
Behind my easy chair:  
Short, chubby arms enclasp me  
And choke me unawares!  
Into my arms is tumbled  
A crinkled, golden head—  
A ball of fluffy whiteness  
That ought to be in bed!  
She asks her mother's question—  
I kiss the answer clear:  
"Not for all the gold in Klondyke!  
The gold in Klondyke, dear!"

In dim and dusty office  
I dig my bits of gold;  
I suffer not with hunger,  
Nor perish with the cold,  
My nuggets need be tiny—  
(I dig them with a pen)—  
But the Yukon's golden gravel  
I leave for other men.  
My treasure lies exhaustless,  
My claim is staked with care:  
What is all the gold in Klondyke,  
Since I'm love's millionaire!

### Wanted a Special License.

SQUIRE BRONSON lives in the wilds of Yorkshire, and is a man of considerable parochial and social prominence. He is also well off in this world's goods. One night recently the registrar in the neighbouring town was aroused by someone banging at his door. Putting his head out of the window, he asked the wishes of the party below.

"Are you the registrar?" came out of the darkness.  
"Yes, sir."  
"Well, you come down here!"  
When he arrived below, the Squire began excitedly:  
"I want a special marriage license!"  
"I can't give it to you, sir. You must get it from the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"You can't?"  
"No, sir, not legally."  
"Legal be hanged! I want a special license, and I want it now."

"I am sorry that I cannot accommodate you. Who do you want it for? I thought you were married."

"So I am. But I want it for a young man who's sitting in my house talkin' with Annie, and the old woman is standin' at the gate with my old horsewhip. Two other fellers has hurt our Annie's feelin's and bolted without coming to matrimony, an' we propose that this 'un must come to business."

The registrar reassured him that it was useless to contemplate securing a special marriage license then, and suggested that the Squire should wait till next day.

Much disheartened the old Squire left, and whether by horsewhip process or otherwise, in a few days' time application was made for a license.

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SHE: "Why do they call those great musicians artists?"  
He: "I suppose it is because they draw so well."

"WAITER, look here! Isn't that a hair in the butter?"  
"Yes, sir; a cow's hair, sir. We always serve one with the butter to show that it isn't margarine, sir!"

THE SOPRANO: "I'll tell you during the sermon."  
The Alto: "Don't. You'll make too much noise."  
The Soprano: "No, I'll drop my voice."  
The Alto: "Don't. It's cracked already."

MR. WILLIAMS: "After all, civilisation has its drawbacks. People in the savage state seldom get ill."  
Mrs. Williams (sweetly): "I wonder if that's why you are so healthy?"

FIRST MAN: "Do you think that you can tell a man's character by the bumps on his head?"  
Second Ditto: "Well, I think you can tell more of his wife's character by them!"

"HAS he given up smoking since he became engaged?"  
"No; but he has taken to carrying his cigars in the side pocket of his coat instead of the upper vest pocket next to his heart."

"I LONG for the good old days of the drama," exclaimed the elderly man at the comic opera.  
"So do I," replied the lady with him; "the days when the front rows were filled with bald-headed men instead of women with big hats."

TYPEWRITER GIRL: "Will you kindly hand me the gum."  
Gushing Book-keeper: "Certainly; with all my heart."  
Typewriter Girl: "No thanks; only the gum please."

GRACE: "Wouldn't you like to plunge into the smoke of battle, Mr. Tickleton?"  
Lieutenant Tickleton (of the Blankshire rifles): "I don't believe I could, Miss Minever."  
"Oh! why not?"  
"Th-they burn s-smokeless powder now, y-you know."

POET: "Are you the editor of *The Buzz*?"  
Editor: "I'm that individual."  
Poet: "What do you mean, sir, by making me say in my poetry that 'He stands ninety-six feet two'?" It should have read 'nigh six feet two.'  
Editor: "Ah, beg pardon. I thought you were advertising a freak for a penny gaff."

"I SAY, I've got a scheme," said the inventive genius, "that will make me independently rich if I succeed in perfecting it."  
"What is it?" asked his friend.  
"It has been estimated," continued the I. G., "that one ordinary female house-fly will lay 20,000 eggs in a season."  
"Yes," answered the friend, "but what's the scheme?"  
"I propose," replied the genius, "to graft the house-fly on the hen."

MR. ROCKINGHAM: "No, sir, I cannot consent to let my daughter become the wife of a man who is as wild as you are."

Mr. Honeywell: "How do you know I am wild, sir?"  
Mr. Rockingham: "Oh, that's all right. I get about town a little myself occasionally, and hear these things from people who know all about it."

Mr. Honeywell: "Very well! I'll go and explain to Alice and her mother just how it is."

Mr. Rockingham: "I say, hold on. My boy, you can have her. It's all right. I was only bluffing you."

### GREAT

## CRICKET COMPETITION.

PRIZES OF £1,000, £100, £25.

The cricket matches named below will be played during the week ending June 18th. To the reader who names the correct result of all these matches we will pay the sum of **ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.**

In the event of two or more being correct the money will be divided.

If no competitor gives a quite correct solution

**TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS**

will be divided amongst those nearest. If between now and the close of the cricket season any one competitor wins the hundred pounds prize in full three times we will make him a further present of

**ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.**

Every week we will offer these prizes so long as the interest of our readers is sustained in it, and as often as the prize is won just so often shall we pay it.

READ THIS BEFORE ENTERING.

Competitors who wish to make more than one or two attempts are requested to apply for a sheet of coupons instead of buying several copies of P.W. or the Athletic Record, as the latter course considerably complicates our publishing arrangements.

### Cricket Coupon No. 5.

Matches to be played during week ending June 18th. Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either. If a tie, say so. Matches will only be considered as abandoned when a start is not made.

|                       |   |                            |
|-----------------------|---|----------------------------|
| 1 Yorkshire           | v | 2 Kent.                    |
| 3 Warwickshire        | v | 4 Lancashire.              |
| 5 Cambridge Univ.     | v | 6 Hampshire.               |
| 7 Gentlemen           | v | 8 Players.                 |
| 9 M.C.C.              | v | 10 XI. of Minor Counties   |
| 11 Middlesex          | v | 12 Yorkshire.              |
| 13 Notts              | v | 14 Sussex.                 |
| 15 Warwickshire       | v | 16 Derbyshire.             |
| 17 Lancashire         | v | 18 Surrey.                 |
| 19 Hampshire          | v | 20 Leicestershire.         |
| 21 M.C.C. and Ground  | v | 22 Elstree Masters.        |
| 23 Cheltenham College | v | 24 Marlborough College     |
| 25 Church             | v | 26 Accrington (Lanc. L.)   |
| 27 Wakefield          | v | 28 Bradford (W. Riding L.) |
| 29 Kidderminster      | v | 30 Moseley (B'm'ng'm L.)   |

Name.....  
Address.....

CUT OUT COUPON AND POST TO US UNFOLDED.  
In Pearson's Athletic Record published on Wednesday, June 18th, you will find the past performances of the above clubs dealt with, and their comparative chances in these matches fully discussed.

When you are sending in for this competition may we ask you to inclose a few stamps for the "Fresh Air Fund."

### THINGS TO REMEMBER.

1. Coupons may be sent either from P.W. or the Athletic Record. In the latter paper will be found valuable hints as to which side is likely to win.
2. Nobody must enter for this competition who will not abide by the Editor's final decision.
3. All coupons must reach us not later than Saturday, June 11th, first post. Any envelope bearing a postmark later than Friday, June 10th, will be disqualified.
4. Competitors should cut out the above coupon, secure it as directed, put their name and address in the space provided, and send to "CRICKET No. 5," Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

For the convenience of those who wish to make more than one attempt we have prepared separate coupons, which we will send by post to applicants at the rate of twenty for a shilling. Those who want them must send postal orders for as many sheets of twenty as they require, and must inclose a stamped addressed envelope. Coupons will be sent by return and are made available for any week. The sheets may be cut up and the coupons used singly if desired.

APPLICATIONS FOR COUPONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO C. ARTHUR PEARSON LIMITED, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

"THAT'S FROM P.W. I"

## The Adventures of a Ship's Captain.

ADVENTURE THE FIRST.—THE TWO MISSES RUTHERFORD.

"Beg your pardon, sir! Are you Captain Donald Bruce, of the ship *Canada*?"

I was just stepping out from the set of chambers I kept in Glasgow, when I was accosted by a bright-looking little messenger boy. At that moment I was on my way to the Stanton Line Company's office, and in a second more would have missed him. Signing for the letter he presented me, I broke it open, and began to read as I went slowly on.

The handwriting looked oddly familiar, yet I knew that I had not seen it for a long time, and until I had cast my eyes down the length of the first page, could make no guess as to the identity of my correspondent.

"Dear old 'Atlantic' Bruce," the letter began. "This will be sent to you by an agent of mine in Glasgow, and now I'll bet you five hundred dollars you are puzzling your brains as to who I am. Here goes to refresh your memory!

"Do you recollect Sandy Rutherford, at the Edinburgh University five-and-twenty years ago? Well, then, you know who I am, and if you've heard (as I flatter myself you must have done) of my success in America, I take it hard of you that when you've been on our side the water, you've never put yourself in communication with me.

"But now to the favour—or, rather, the favours, for there are two of them—I hope you will do me on your next trip, for old sake's sake.

"First, the business part. Perhaps you may recall the fact that I claimed to be a humble leaflet on a branch of the great Rutherford family of Lincolnton. When I saw a paragraph in one of our Chicago papers the other day, stating that the famous family jewels and various other valuables were to be sold at Christie's, in London, I took a notion to buy up the lot. It struck me they'd go in well with the dowry I shall give, on her marriage, to my daughter—of whom more anon.

"I cabled an agent of mine, giving him *carte blanche*, and he has bought me in fifty thousand pounds worth of stuff, all of which, he sends me word, can be put in a box about a quarter the size of an ordinary steamer trunk. These things, diamonds, etc. (of which, please, find inclosed a list), I want you to take charge of, if you will, and bring across the herring pond. My Glasgow agent, from whom you will receive this letter, which has been inclosed in one to him, will hope to hear from you at once. His address is John Golden, 900 Renfield Street.

"All trouble connected with the box will be taken off your shoulders the minute you land in New York, and now I'm going to tell you how.

"Of course, you won't be offended if I remark that your line isn't the 'swellest' on the list, but I'd rather trust my treasures to your care than to that of any other man that sails the seas—and the most valuable piece of goods I've got is my daughter Mamie. She's my only child—a pretty girl, if I do say it myself—and has been a good deal admired abroad, where she's been enjoying herself for the past year, without her poor old dad. She's been with a friend, Mrs. Whetmore, of New York, and also a young companion of hers, from whom she has not been separated since she left school, where the other girl was a pupil teacher.

"They were coming home by the *Lucania* about the middle of July, but Mrs. Whetmore has been taken ill, and advised to stop at a German resort. Mamie and her companion have had a little unpleasantness, she writes, and my girl has suddenly found herself practically alone. She wants to get back to me; and hearing all this news about the time I secured the Rutherford jewels, it occurred to me that I couldn't do better than have her come home in your charge.

"My agent will doubtless have engaged her passage on board the *Canada*, as I've instructed him by cable, and all will be ready for her when she arrives in Glasgow. Golden will see her and put her in your care, and she knows what she is expected to do.

"I can't meet her in New York as I should wish, for I'm laid up with the good old-fashioned gout—partly her reason for hurrying back to me. But Mamie is a clever and independent girl, and she is quite capable of taking care not only of herself, but of that jewel box, as far as Chicago, on board the limited express.

"Perhaps, if you've any time to spare, you'd just see her to the Forty-second Street railway station (or depot, as we call it over here) for the sake of 'saul lang syne,' and your grateful friend, SANDY RUTHERFORD.

He had not asked me to wire, but I did so, dispatching a long and, I think, satisfactory cable to the address in Chicago that was printed in dark-blue letters at the top of his stationery. I then sent a message to Mr. Golden, in Renfield Street, and, having done so, pursued my way to the offices and the ship, which was to sail late that afternoon.

In something over an hour word was brought to my cabin that Mr. Golden wished to see me, and I gave orders that he should be shown in. He was a little man, and appeared to be almost weighed down by the large Gladstone bag, which, it seemed, he had insisted on carrying himself.

After a few words of explanation, he unlocked this article with a key which he wore on a chain, and, opening it, revealed a black leather box, which had been concealed in the bag by cutting out the inner partitions.

We examined the jewels together, comparing them with the list inclosed with Rutherford's letter.

When all was satisfactorily arranged, I suddenly remembered a neglected duty, and inquired after the young lady who was about to be put into my charge.

She had arrived in the morning, Golden replied, having left Euston the night before, but being very tired had taken

a room at St. Enoch's Hotel, and was resting there until it should be time to come on board.

"I shall call for her," he went on, "and bring her down to the ship about five o'clock, so that she will have plenty of time to get settled before six, which is, I believe, your hour for starting. She will bring a maid with her, who is to have the upper berth in the stateroom I have secured."

Now beside the cabin I always occupy on the *Canada*, there is another which I have a right to call my own, but which I often give to any favoured passenger, who prefers a deck stateroom to one below. The *Canada* is a good old ship, and a smooth sailer, but her accommodation for passengers, I must confess, is not of the best; and, anxious to do all I could for my old friend's daughter, I at once told Golden that my cabin should be placed at Miss Rutherford's disposal. "She shall also have the seat at my right hand at table," I said, "and all that can be done to make her comfortable and happy during the trip, I will do."

"I will tell her this from you," returned Golden, fidgeting in a way which was a habit of his. "I never saw the young lady until this morning, but I should say she was one to appreciate your courtesy, and she is certainly as handsome a girl as I ever set eyes on in my life."

At five o'clock precisely she arrived, with her father's agent, and, although I was busy at the time, I soon made an opportunity for greeting her.

To say that she would be the belle of the ship (should she choose to mingle with the passengers), was to say little, and I determined that, for the credit of the *Canada* as well as for the girl's pleasure, she should have the most desirable companions I could give her at table.

As I had appointed, she was to be on my right hand, and next to her, I determined young Lord Dawlish should sit. I had already seen him, and found him a good-looking and pleasant-speaking fellow, whose merry face and laugh promised well for his company at dinner. He was far from rich (or perhaps he would not have been crossing on my ship), but he came of a good old family, and I thought that Sandy Rutherford would not be averse to him as an acquaintance for his daughter.

With Lord Dawlish, a distinguished judge, a successful author with his actress wife, and a clever professional reciter, I thought I had done as well as I could by Miss Rutherford, so far as table arrangements were concerned.

I had seen Miss Rutherford wrapped in a magnificent furred mantle, sitting on deck under the starlight and rising moon, with a little court of admirers; and had gone up on the bridge, when an extraordinary thing happened.

We had touched at Greenock, passed Gourock and the Cloek, and were well away towards Cumbræ, when suddenly, out of the moony haze that veiled the sea, a tiny launch, spitting fire, came steaming rapidly after us. Voices of men on board were hailing wildly, and I instantly deciding that some important message from the Company's office was being sent out, gave hasty orders to slow down.

"What do you want?" yelled McDonald, my first officer, who was on watch.

A confused cry came back which carried to our ears a word or two concerning "offices—delayed—must come on board."

I was then sure that matters stood as I thought, and the *Canada* was stopped.

By the time that somebody had been hauled up the ship's side I was standing at the top of the gangway. To my astonishment I beheld the somewhat dishevelled little figure of a young girl, round whom several pieces of luggage were being dumped down.

"What's the meaning of this?" I shortly inquired. "Have you been sent from the Company's offices, madam?"

"I went there, and found the *Canada* had sailed," she almost sobbed, "so I had to catch her, and I came on. I chased her to Greenock, only to find she'd left; went on to Gourock—she didn't stop—so I hired a launch a man said I could get—and oh, I had to wait ever so long in a shed where there were rats!"

"Then we threw bacon and all sorts of things into the fires, and, thank goodness, we've caught you at last!"

"Do you mean to tell me that you are simply a belated passenger, who has dared to stop my ship to get aboard?" I shouted. "It's a thing that has never been done before. It is absolutely unheard of effrontery."

"Oh dear, I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed in a childlike voice. "I didn't know how bad it was. But so much depended on my sailing with you, sir. You see, I know you're the captain, and you're an old friend of my father's. My name is Mary Rutherford."

"The devil it is!" The words spoke themselves before I could restrain them. From anger my mood was quickly turned to suspicion. I looked out over the water. Already the launch was far away. My ship, unlike the majority of her sister vessels, did not touch at Queenstown when outward bound, and we should not stop until we reached New York. Had it been otherwise, I should simply have put ashore this intruder (who I did not believe had even purchased her right to a voyage) at the most convenient landing place.

Of course, the exciting incident of the ship stopping, and being boarded by a young woman who had scrambled up the side with her wretched bits of luggage, had collected a crowd.

Everybody wanted to know what had happened, and I had just caught a glimpse of the real Miss Rutherford's lovely face, white under the light of the moon and electricity, when the stranger announced her right to the name.

"What does she say, Captain Bruce?" sharply questioned the beautiful girl, drawing nearer. And I noticed that Lord Dawlish sauntered somewhat closer, too.

At the sound of her voice, with the pretty American accent, the new comer suddenly turned. "Why, Katherine!" she ejaculated, opening a pair of darkly-fringed grey eyes. She was but a sprite of a thing, too pale and thin for beauty, in my opinion, while beside the majestic charm of the other, she looked—in her dragged blue serge—in significant indeed.

Gasping a little, she would have gone on to say more,

but Miss Rutherford interrupted, coming quickly to me, and laying her hand upon my arm. "Oh, Captain!" she cried. "I fear this is going to be most disagreeable. She has dared to call herself by my name. She has addressed me by her own, for she is Katherine Walsh, who was once my paid companion, and I thought my friend. The whole plot is clear, now that she has found her way upon this ship. Let anyone should hear her story and be deceived, let me tell the whole truth, before everyone."

"Father and I were so good to her," the beautiful creature went on. "We took her from a wretched position, and made her one of ourselves. She repaid us by quarrelling with me, because I begged her not to encourage a certain man who followed after us in our travels, and soon after she went suddenly away and left me alone, taking with her a letter from my father in which he mentioned his desire that I should look after the Rutherford jewels. On the way home I could not think why she should have taken the letter, but now I am afraid I can guess. She was interested in the jewels. By taking my name, and pretending to my identity, she hopes in some way—oh, it is really too horrible to put into words, but I am sure she is plotting. Else she would never have hurried after this ship and boarded it at all hazards, calling herself with her first breath, 'Mary Rutherford.'"

I was dumfounded by this accusation. But there was certainly grave reason for suspicion. Suddenly I found myself transformed into a judge, without the assistance of a jury.

"What have you to say to this?" I questioned, turning to the new comer. Her little face was absolutely colourless in the moonlight, and the great eyes, under the damp rings of black hair that clung to her forehead, had never once been removed from the beautiful, relentless countenance of her accuser.

I had to repeat the words before she answered, or even seemed to hear. "What have I to say?" she echoed. "Nothing—except that I am Mary Rutherford, that she is Katherine Walsh, and that she has, I believe, truly told the story, except that she has given me her part to play."

"Come, come," I said, impatiently, "this will not do. I can vouch for Miss Rutherford, who was put into my charge by her father's man of business in Glasgow, this morning. Alexander Rutherford is a friend of many years' standing, and I cannot permit his daughter to be traduced on my ship. You have come on board in a most unwarrantable manner, Miss Walsh, but you are here, and here you must stay until we get to New York. What will happen afterwards, if you persist in this story, however, is more than I can say."

Her eyes, which really were very good, were lifted to mine in so reproachful a manner, that I at once set her down as a very good little actress. "You are cruel," she said, quietly. "I fancied people were always supposed to be innocent until they were proved guilty. I thought you would be my friend, that you would welcome me for father's sake, and even though, after I had paid for the launch, I had hardly any money left, I believed you would be good to me, and understand that all would be right in the end, because I was your friend's daughter."

"You see, Captain," exclaimed Miss Rutherford, "she betrays herself. It is ridiculous to suppose that Alexander Rutherford's daughter would not have enough money to pay her passage to America, without begging or borrowing."

"What if Alexander Rutherford's daughter believed her money and jewels and much of her luggage had been stolen—and everything which could be done by a determined enemy, in an underhand manner, to prevent her reaching the ship had been done?" The sprite of a girl seemed to have grown two inches in her flaming wrath.

I hastened to interrupt. "This means, I suppose," said I, "that you are unable to compensate the company for—well, let that at least talk the matter over in private, as you have already been the cause of disturbance enough. Do me the favour, Miss Walsh, to step aside with me."

"I am not Miss Walsh!" she protested, beginning to sob in her growing terror and agitation, and stamping her tiny foot. "I will not submit to being called so. Oh, what a dreadful plot! If only dad were here to help me! I—I—will so one believe me, or take my part?"

Whether it was a sudden curtailing of the ship in the trough of a wave, or whether a slight dizziness had overcome her, I cannot tell, but, at all events, she tottered forward, threw up her little hands, and would have fallen, before I could have caught her, had not Lord Dawlish sprung to her aid.

She lay back against his shoulder, either shamming or fainting in reality, after the excitement of her strange adventure, and he held her there.

"Captain, I tell you that you are making a great mistake," he said to me in a low voice. "I would stake my life that this is the injured one, and that everyone of the few words she has spoken is the truth."

I stared at him with a certain haughtiness. I was not used to being taken to task, and told (if not in so many words, at least by insinuation) that I was little better than a fool. He had a right to his opinion, of course, though it appeared to be an absolutely preposterous one, and it had not occurred to me that anyone would for a moment grant credence to the newcomer's story.

The girl had begun to come to herself, or to fancy she had better show signs of life, and presently I had the stewardess take her down below to a state-room—not a very desirable one—which was unoccupied.

Later, Miss Rutherford had a long story to tell, which she begged she might confide to me in my own cabin. After listening to it, I was more her admirer than ever, and readier to crush any lying gossip which might arise to annoy her.

I did not again see the usurper that night, but communicated formally with her through the stewardess who cared for her part of the ship. She was to be allowed the same privileges that the more deserving fellow passengers enjoyed, though she would be expected to keep strict watch upon her tongue.

The passengers almost without exception avoided her.

out of respect, no doubt, to Miss Rutherford. I could not help taking a rather malicious satisfaction in seeing how people made excuses to desert her neighbourhood whenever the little figure appeared. Only Lord Dawlish remained her staunch adherent, and it seemed to me that his belief in her impossible story amounted to a veritable infatuation.

Together they walked the deck; she had his steamer chair, his novels and magazines, and his rug, and at last Lord Dawlish so far forgot his manners as to ask that his place at table might be changed. He had doubtless seen how the little impostor's companions turned the cold shoulder upon her even at meals, and, lest her appetite should fail, and she should cost the company something less, he had determined to take compassion upon her.

So matters went on for several days, I not paying any more attention to the false Miss Rutherford than if she had not existed, and when at last we came within sight of the Statue of Liberty, that looms up on Bedford's Island, all was excitement on board.

Miss Rutherford did not seem at all anxious about the journey to Chicago she must make alone, and said that not for worlds would she have had her father come so far to meet her. She rather liked travelling by herself. We had often talked of the jewels, for which she had the half laughing indifference of a millionaire's daughter, and at her request, I put into her hands the box, about half an hour before landing. She had a bag for it, she announced, having emptied the receptacle by giving the contents to the stewardess.

Having been warned not to let the valuables out of her sight, she kept the bag at her feet as she stood on deck, saying good-bye to everyone but the Judge, who—it appeared—had suddenly determined he must see Chicago and the Great West.

A crowd of admirers stood round her, and as I glanced down from the bridge where she had often been privileged to walk with me, I thought that never had I seen her look so beautiful. Suddenly, as I watched her, a small figure began edging its way toward her part of the deck. It was the little adventuress, and fearing a scene, I spoke a few words to my first officer, and went quietly down.

The girl had seen the bag, and suspected its contents.

"Katherine Walsh," she said in a low tone of concentrated scorn and anger, "you shall not have my father's jewels. I know you have persuaded the captain to give them to you, and because you are well aware that my poor father is too ill to meet the ship, you count on getting away with your spoil. It has been a clever plan, carried on well throughout, but you never could have deceived Captain Bruce as you have, had it not been for that wicked Mr. Golden in Glasgow, whom I have heard you say was a distant cousin of yours, you meant to see when we were in Scotland.

"You've succeeded in making everybody believe me to be a thief and a liar, but you shall not—you shall not escape with fifty thousand pounds' worth of my father's property. No, not even if I have to tear it from you with my own hands."

By this time I had reached them. "Silence!" I thundered. "One more such threat, and you go down stairs to await the coming of a policeman, to whom you shall be given in charge for attempted theft."

She shrank from the look on my face, but Lord Dawlish stepped forward. "Have no fear," he said gently, "I shall not allow any harm to come to you." Then he spoke aloud. "I wish everyone to know that this young lady, Miss Rutherford, who has been so shamefully treated on board this ship, is only not my promised wife because she has refused to be so, until the mystery—which is no mystery to me—has been publicly cleared up."

All on board knew him at least by sight and name, and perhaps veiled the scorn which had shone in their eyes for the impostor—because even a thief might in time be regarded but as a mild "kleptomaniac" if she became Lady Dawlish.

So we were majestically entering the harbour, and slowing up at the dock, when Miss Rutherford ran to me.

"Oh, do forgive me, dear Captain," she said, "but I need not trouble you to take me to my train, the Judge will do that—and I know how busy you are. I will write, and now, thanks for all your kindness, and good-bye!"

She was gone almost before I could speak. Slightly piqued, and unwilling to trust the precious box entirely to the care of a forgetful girl, I followed as hastily as I could, feeling secure that all would be well, as McDonald was in charge.

Already the crowd was pouring down the gangway, and I saw the pretender, with Lord Dawlish, hastening to overtake Miss Rutherford, who was moving serenely along under the wing of her Judge. I could see that he was holding the bag, and that her face was turned toward it—or toward him.

Suddenly there came a cry. "Dad! dad!" implored a ringing, triumphant voice. "You're here, after all! Oh, how thankful I am. Stop her—stop Katherine Walsh. She is stealing your jewels!"

The speaker was the girl I had been mentally calling the adventuress, and below—with a radiantly paternal expression on his face—was a man not so much changed since the old days at Edinburgh.

I have told this story against myself, confession being good for the soul. The mistake I made was a lesson to me not to judge hastily, or to trust too implicitly in circumstantial evidence. But though I have never been able to forgive myself, Sandy has forgiven me, and Lord and Lady Dawlish have forgiven me, which is one consolation. Another is that the jewels were rescued (the tiara is very becoming to Lady Dawlish's piquant beauty), so that in the end no great harm was done. Miss Rutherford insisted that my cruelty made the match, while as for the belle of the Canada, who, owing to the kindness of her late employers, was not imprisoned, I hear that even yet she has hopes of her legal light. He is sure to be lenient in private life (especially to the peccadilloes of a beautiful woman), being known in public as "The Hanging Judge."

## A RACE OF WARSHIPS.

SHOWING WHICH WOULD WIN IF THE FASTEST WAR VESSELS AFLOAT RACED ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

WHILE your eyes are at the present moment fixed upon the fighting fleets of Spain and America, perhaps a glance at the battleships of the other Powers of the world will be found interesting.

To hold our naval review in proper order, we propose to select the very best fighting ship owned by each nation of the earth possessing a navy, and make all these champions "toe the line" at the Lizard Point, in Cornwall—natural draught being allowed for—and then at a given signal set them racing to New York—a distance, say, of 3,000 miles.

The greatest care has been taken in the selection of representative ships only, due attention having been paid to those details which help to swell the reputation of a great ship, such as its construction, displacement, size, guns, complement, and speed.

We draw the line at torpedo-boats and destroyers in this race; although their speed may be greater, their small coal capacity would put them out of the race at an early stage.

### STARTERS FOR THE BIG RACE.

(Names and Owners.)

|                                               |                                       |
|-----------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| GREAT BRITAIN.—H.M.S. <i>Terrible</i> .       | JAPAN.—The <i>Yashima</i> .           |
| AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.—The "D."                     | NETHERLANDS.—The <i>Friesland</i> .   |
| ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.—The <i>Buenos Aires</i> . | NORWAY.—The <i>Harold Haarfagre</i> . |
| BRAZIL.—The <i>Barraso</i> .                  | PORTUGAL.—The <i>Dom Carlos I</i> .   |
| CHILE.—The <i>Esmeralda</i> .                 | RUSSIA.—The <i>Rosalia</i> .          |
| CHINA.—The <i>Hai-Chi</i> .                   | SPAIN.—The <i>Cisneros</i> .          |
| DENMARK.—The <i>Heimdal</i> .                 | SWEDEN.—The <i>Odin</i> .             |
| FRANCE.—The <i>Guichen</i> .                  | TURKEY.—The <i>Azizeh</i> .           |
| GERMANY.—The <i>Fürst Bismark</i> .           | UNITED STATES.—The <i>Brooklyn</i> .  |
| GREECE.—The <i>Peara</i> .                    |                                       |
| ITALY.—The <i>Lepanto</i> .                   |                                       |

With all the ships formed in one straight line the signal is given and they're off.

A tremendous struggle for supremacy already takes place between them. To the astonishment of everybody not in the know of shipbuilding, the *Hai-Chi*—with her 24 knot speed—draws away from the rest of her companions, and by the time she has logged 100 knots (117 miles) she is 3½ miles ahead.

Steaming side by side in an unbroken line follow in stately order the *Buenos Aires*, *Esmeralda*, and *Guichen*,

with H.M.S. *Terrible* following up in their wash a mile behind, or five behind the Celestial *Hai-Chi*.

Were you standing at the farthest point of Sandy Hook watching the vessels coming in, you would for a certainty check them off in the following order:

First.—The *Guichen*, France.

Speed 23 knots = 27 miles per hour = 111 hours = 4 days 15 hours.

Second.—H.M.S. *Terrible*.

Speed 22½ knots = 26½ miles per hour = 114 hours = 4 days 18 hours.

Third.—The *Brooklyn*, United States.

Speed 21 knots = 24 miles per hour = 125 hours = 5 days 5 hours.

As soon as the *Brooklyn* had passed the winning post none of the other ships would reach there until the appearance of

(4) *Rosalia*, 5 hours after the *Brooklyn* = 5 days 10 hours.  
(5) *Lepanto*, 11 hours " " = 5 days 16 hours.

The following would be left behind crippled and disabled and at the mercy of the Atlantic waves, through shortness of coal supplies:

|                              |          |                      |
|------------------------------|----------|----------------------|
| (6) <i>Cisneros</i>          | stranded | 452 miles from home. |
| (7) <i>Yashima</i>           | "        | 666 " " "            |
| (8) <i>Buenos Aires</i>      | "        | 840 " " "            |
| (9) <i>Fürst Bismark</i>     | "        | 1,000 " " "          |
| (10) "D"                     | "        | 1,400 " " "          |
| (11) <i>Friesland</i>        | "        | 1,450 " " "          |
| (12) <i>Dom Carlos I</i>     | "        | 1,500 " " "          |
| (13) <i>Barraso</i>          | "        | 1,700 " " "          |
| (14) <i>Peara</i>            | "        | 2,040 " " "          |
| (15) <i>Azizeh</i>           | "        | 2,100 " " "          |
| (16) <i>Esmeralda</i>        | "        | 2,400 " " "          |
| (17) <i>Harold Haarfagre</i> | "        | 2,680 " " "          |
| (18) <i>Heimdal</i>          | "        | 2,530 " " "          |
| (19) <i>Odin</i>             | "        | 2,544 " " "          |
| (20) <i>Hai-Chi</i>          | "        | 2,776 " " "          |

You will note where the *Hai-Chi* is now, remembering where that ship was at the commencement of the race. Her coming to grief is due to her coal-bearing capacity being extraordinarily limited, for we have not allowed any of the competing ships to carry coals on deck. They have all drawn from their own bunkers.

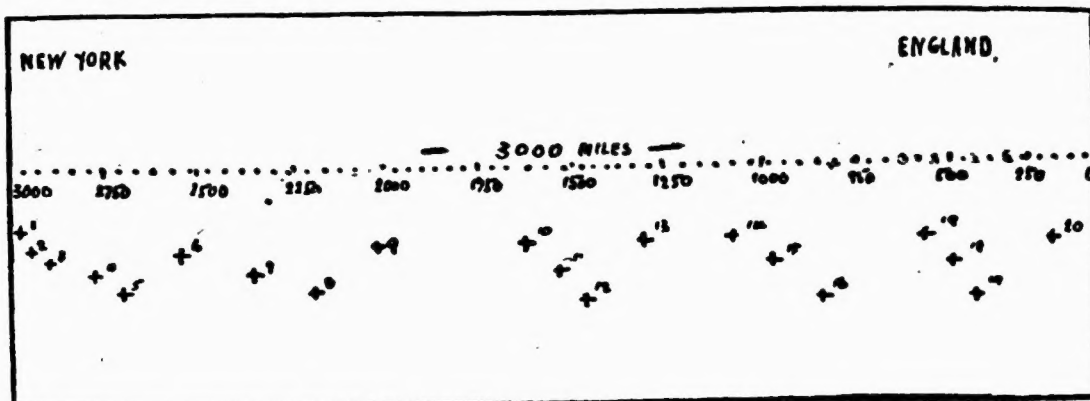


Diagram Showing Relative Positions of Ships at the End of the Race.

MRS. PELLETTS: "No use seeing a doctor if you're in love. He can't cure you."  
Miss Bacheller: "Why not? You married a doctor, didn't you?"

"GEORGE, dear, you remember that lovely sideboard that was so cheap? Well, I've discovered a plan to make room for it."

"How, my dear?"

"By taking a larger flat."

GETS OFF EASY.—"James, you ought to be ashamed of your language."

"Well, you would grumble, too, if you had the coal bills to pay."

"Nonsense; suppose you were a war-ship and had to lay in 300 tons at a time."

SHE was boasting of her latest conquest.

"The first thing I knew," she said, "he was at my feet."

"Who threw him over?" asked her dearest friend.

Of course it is well known that these little pleasantries are not unusual between feminine friends.

FLICK: "Call him a musician! Why, he doesn't know the difference between a nocturne and a symphony."

Flack: "You don't mean it!"

And they hurry to get away from one another. Each is terribly afraid that the other will ask, "By-the-way, what is the difference?"

"CLARA, I love to be with you."

"Why, Edith?"

"When I'm with you I know you are not gossiping about me."

"WHAT are the things that touch us most as we look back through the years?" asked a lady lecturer impressively.

There was a moment's awful pause, and then a small boy in the audience answered:

"Our clothes!"

A SENSITIVE PLANT.—Edwin: "You would not take that uncle of mine to be a sensitive plant at all, would you?"

Reginald: "He certainly does not look it."

Edwin: "Well, he is. Attempt to touch him, and he closes up immediately."

MAKING A MENAGERIE OF IT.—A bright boy had attended some evening lectures on astronomy, and after three or four was questioned about it by his mother, a good and very devout, but very ignorant woman.

The youngster, proud of his superior knowledge, probably exaggerated what he had heard. At any rate he told her about the Great Bear, the Swan, the Lion, the Bull, Ram, Scorpion, Fishes and other constellations.

The mother listened with ill-concealed dismay, and when the boys stopped she turned to her husband, and said:

"William, I'm very much afraid that that boy is being contaminated by wicked atheists, because he's making the blessed heaven into a menagerie!"

## QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

### REPLIES.

5035. Which is the Most Ancient Battle whose Date has been Approximately Fixed?

There is a tract of country on the Arkansas River thirty acres in extent, which Professor Walters, the archaeologist, investigated, and found to be the site of a pre-historic battlefield. It contained no fewer than 75,000 skeletons, all of which had obviously died by violence, for bones were broken, and skulls split and pierced by stone axes and arrow-heads. The skeletons lay in sand, and above this were two layers of strata, from which the Professor was able to calculate that the battle took place something like 20,000 years ago. Granted that his conclusions are correct, this would be the answer to the question. The earliest recorded battle in old world history is probably the siege of Babylon by the King of Elam, the date of which is approximately 2,300 B.C.

5037. What Effect has Distance upon the Visibility of the Different Colours?

Some time ago the Society of Civil Engineers in Paris made a series of experiments on the visibility of colours at a distance, in order to determine the best colour of uniform for soldiers in the field. Eight colours were taken, the number 8 standing for invisibility, and 1 for the most visible. Comparisons were made in clear and cloudy weather and at night. The distance was 650 yards, and the result was as follows: In clear weather, white was 1, light blue 2, scarlet 3, green 5, dark blue 6, grey and the colour of dry foliage 7, being almost invisible. In cloudy weather, white, blue, green, and brown remained the same, light blue became 3 in the scale, and scarlet 4, while green became more visible. At night, white becomes invisible, and passes from one end of the scale to the other. The French uniform of the line—red cap, dark blue coat, and red trousers—stood midway between 5 and 6. Other experiments have shown that at from six to seven hundred yards the red tunic of the British soldier, crossed by white belts, fades into invisibility.

5038. Can it be Proved that any Appreciable Amount of Heat is Received by the Earth from the Moon?

Yes; although the most sensitive thermometer is not in the least affected by the minute amount of heat so received. Melloni was the first (in 1846) to show this. His results were confirmed by Lord Rosse. During the long lunar day the heat of the sun pours down on the moon's surface during 300 hours, and heats it to about 500 degrees Fahrenheit. During the equally long lunar night, this heat is all given out again, and the surface temperature falls to about 250 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. Many early attempts at detecting heat from the moon failed through forgetfulness of the fact that nearly all the heat coming from the moon to the earth, is absorbed by the upper atmosphere. A curious result of this fact is the following: At full moon the (slight) heat from the moon evaporates the lighter and thins the denser upper clouds; this facilitates radiation of heat from the lower atmosphere into space. Hence the temperature at the earth's surface is generally about 2½ degrees Fahrenheit lower at the last than at the first quarter.

5039. Why does the Dog Enjoy Hunting with Man when Nothing will Induce a Cat to do so?

It is a case of heredity. The cat is a tiger. The tiger loves solitude and darkness. It always hunts its prey alone, and relies for its success on the silence with which it can work. The dog is a wolf. The success of his hunting depends not on his silence, but on the fleetness of his foot. Where the tiger is master of the jungle, the wolf has to rely on the force of numbers. The dog is a hunter, while the cat is an assassin. Another fact contributes to the same result. The cat has never been

tamed as the dog has. It rather tolerates than enjoys civilisation, and if allowed to run wild it will very soon relapse into its pristine savagery. The dog, on the other hand, is now absolutely dependent on man, and if turned loose he dies.

5040. Why is the Horse the only Animal that Shies at Unexpected Objects?

The reason is to be found in the nature of the life of the wild ancestors of the horse. "Shying is most distinctly a relic of an ancestral habit." The wild horse inhabited the open plains where, owing to his swiftness and keen vision, he had little to fear as long as he was not taken by surprise. "But every bush or tuft of long grass might, and often did contain a fierce foe lying in ambush. Many and many a time must the wild horse have saved his life by a sudden swerve or leap in the opposite direction, the moment he descried some strange and dimly outlined object among the underwood." Another interesting relic of the same sort is the extreme terror evinced by some horses, if they hear the rustle of reeds on a river bank. This is due to an inherited reminiscence of the times when wild horses going down to drink at a river bank were liable to be surprised by tigers or leopards that leapt out on them from the ambush of the reeds.

5041. What is the Remotest Period to which Three Generations of Personal Recollections would Carry us?

The answer depends chiefly on the meaning to be attached to the term "three generations"; whether fathers and sons or merely three individuals selected at will. It must also be borne in mind that (as a rule) children do not recollect what takes place before they are four years old. Take the first case, and suppose that the grandfather, father and son each live to be one hundred, and that the two first do not become fathers until they are sixty: thus we get sixty, sixty and 100 less four, equal to 216 years. That would carry us back to 1682, two years before the death of Charles II. In the case of three selected centenarians, we will suppose the first man to have been ninety-six when the second was born, so the second would remember seeing the first; and the same between the second and third. We thus reach a total of 288 years, carrying us back to 1610, seven years after the accession of James I. More extreme instances might be given, but the above are well within the limits of probability.

5042. Which Nation Does the Most to Negate the Proverb, "A Rolling Stone Gathers no Moss"?

Applying the proverb to nations as to individuals, the answer is furnished by our own country. We have roamed everywhere, we have been wanderers on the face of the earth; but our very wanderings have resulted in the accumulation of "moss." We have burst the narrow limits of our island home, and have extended our Empire until we have made it possible to boast that the sun never sets on it; our trade is with all the world. These are in great part the results of our roving spirit. The Scot is usually regarded as an adept in the art of moss-gathering, but wherever you go you will meet a Scotsman. If we accept changes of occupation as equivalent to rolling in the sense of the proverb, we must look to the United States for a reply. In no other country is a change of business so common; the American will adopt one occupation after another with surprising rapidity, his shrewd intellect and restless energy more than compensating for the lack of experience. He will make a fortune in one line, lose it and make a second in a totally different business. These changes of business do not by any means prevent the accumulation of wealth; they appear to facilitate the process.

5043. Which was the Last Attempt in our History to Govern without a Parliamentary Majority?

During the first premiership of Benjamin Disraeli, which lasted 286 days. Disraeli had succeeded the Earl of Derby on February 27th, 1868, and on March 30th the struggle began for disestablishing the Irish Church. On the first division, which was on Lord Stanley's amendment, there was a majority against the Government of sixty-one. Other defeats followed, but the Government held on. The Bill was passed in the Commons in defiance of the Government, but thrown

out in the Upper House. On the last day of July Parliament was prorogued with a view to its dissolution in November. Keeping more strictly to the question, we find the answer in the Peel Administration of 1834-35. Melbourne had been dismissed by the King, although supported by a majority in the Commons, and Peel commanded to form a Ministry. The new Cabinet, hoping to obtain a majority, appealed to the country. The verdict, however, was against them. Sir Robert Peel persisted in attempting to govern, and introduced measure after measure of a reforming tendency, which he hoped the Whigs would not oppose. He was disappointed. He was outvoted again and again, but he refused to submit. At last, the Opposition moved and carried a direct vote of want of confidence, and the Government resigned.

5044. What would have been the Probable Course of the Waterloo Campaign had the Commanders Possessed the Use of the Electric Telegraph?

Under such conditions it is scarcely probable that there would have been any battle of Waterloo. The moment Napoleon landed at Cannes the news would have flashed to Vienna, where the Congress was deliberating, and instantly the armies of the allies would have been in motion, marching to unite at Paris, so that had there been any battle at all, it would have been on French soil. As it was, the slow progress of news made it possible for Napoleon to start on a triumphal journey to the capital by way of Grenoble and Lyons, and ultimately enter Paris on March 19th. Even then Napoleon had to get his army together, which at that moment numbered not more than 175,000 men; but the disasters of the three last years of the empire were strikingly apparent in the reduction of the cavalry and the scarcity of military stores and arms, especially of artillery. It took Napoleon till the end of May to muster 375,000 men, with necessary artillery. Had the telegraph been available, Napoleon would have lacked what was to him all-important, that is time. The armies would have concentrated quickly, probably investing Paris, and locking in the Emperor there, or causing him to evacuate the city. As it was, with time in his favour, Napoleon fought on level terms; otherwise he would have been literally overwhelmed, and probably would have surrendered without striking a blow.

5045. In what Country has Despotism Borne the Most Bitter Fruit?

In the Turkish Empire. The Sultan rules over some of the most fertile tracts on the earth's surface, yet his people are wretchedly poor. The great valley of the Euphrates and the Tigris, once the seat of the mighty empires of Chaldaea and Assyria, is now almost a desert. Palestine and Syria are abandoned to squalour and wretchedness. Egypt has risen to better things only by the virtual abolition of the Sultan's authority. Armenia and Crete are recent object lessons of Turkish misrule. The Balkan provinces, exasperated by oppressive laws and sanguinary atrocities, have for the most part achieved independence. Once the most powerful state in the world, and more advanced in the arts and sciences than its Christian neighbours, the great empire has sunk into absolute decrepitude, its finances bankrupt, and its system of government helplessly corrupt. In Turkey the prospects of improvement are far from ever becoming rosy.

5046. Has a Negro ever been a Member of the English Parliament?

Owing to a statement printed many years ago that two "men of colour" had been members of Parliament, it has been since asserted that there have been two negro members of the House of Commons. But this is not correct. The two members referred to, Dyce-Sombre and John Stewart, were natives of India. It is, of course, well known that in the late House of Commons there sat another native of that country, Mr. Naoroji (a description of whom as a "black man" by a well-known statesman caused considerable stir some years ago). In the present Parliament an Indian gentleman, named Bhownaggre, represents a Metropolitan constituency.

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The great success of our trips to Paris throughout the summer months of last year has led us to enter into arrangements with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son to repeat the scheme during the coming summer.

Leaving London on Friday night, from London Bridge or Victoria, travelling via Newhaven and Dieppe to Paris, passengers will arrive there on Saturday morning.

Breakfast, dinner, and bed will be provided on Saturday and Sunday, and breakfast and dinner on Monday, visitors returning Monday night, and arriving in London on Tuesday morning.

All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and enclosing the necessary amount in postal orders.

SPECIAL arrangements have been made with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son for another attractive tour for members of P.W. This tour will occupy three days. Starting from London (say) on Friday night, the tourists will travel by Harwich and Antwerp to Brussels. From here an excursion will be made to the scene of the Battle of Waterloo.

All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and enclosing £2 in postal orders. The above figures are for third class only. Full particulars on the subject can be had from this office.

### QUESTIONS.

4071. What is the highest price ever offered for a single copy of a book?

4072. Which business or profession furnishes the largest proportion of suicides?

4073. Which great European dispute was settled by the arbitration of two women?

4074. How is it that great writers are so often bad speakers?

4075. Has smoking ever played an important part in a political movement?

4076. Has the Thames at London ever run dry?

4077. How did the months come to have the present varying number of days?

4078. Which is the most curious Act of Parliament ever passed in this country?

4079. In which part of Britain has the scenery the most foreign aspect?

4080. Which foreign country would probably most improve if under British rule?

### CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all notes printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of questions, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Questions." In the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any form of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half a crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

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"Unhappy Marriages: How Caused and Cured." contains some thoroughly sensible advice, but then everything is sensible that appears in HOME NOTES.

## A Wedding in Cuba is a Big Business.

To such extremes is etiquette carried in Cuba that the period of courtship which in most countries is one of unalloyed pleasure, is in this distracted island one of the most irksome imaginable.

To begin with, it is not by any means an easy thing to marry a Cuban lady. If the suitor proves in the least objectionable to the parents, it may lead to the lady being confined for an indefinite period in a monastery, and even if the parents offer no hindrance, the church has to be reckoned with.

The clerics want to know all about his family in case there is any black blood in his veins, and in the event of the gentleman being of the Protestant faith, and a foreigner, they so strew the path of true love with obstacles, that the most determined battling is necessary to overcome them.

In Cuba, although accepted lovers are not allowed to be alone with their betrothed under any circumstances whatever, they are expected to be in attendance all day to help receive any friends of the family who visit her, whether in the morning or evening. They are also expected to accompany their future brides on all visits they may make in return.

In Cuba, weddings are solemnised very late in the night, and frequently very early in the morning.

The bridegroom and his friends are expected to arrive the moment the dismal bell of the cathedral begins tolling, and wait patiently for perhaps an hour or so till the rest of the party arrive.

As soon as the bride enters, the officiating priest appears and conducts the parents and the young couple to a small chamber and, closing the door, harangues the bridegroom in Latin, which, of course, no one understands but the priest. After the unhappy man has affixed his signature to a document he is not permitted to inspect, he is requested to withdraw.

Then comes another long wait at the end of which the expectant swain has the pleasure of seeing his wife reappear. The lady, however, does not acknowledge, even by a blush, the presence of her lord. She smiles graciously to the rest of the company and then without as much as a stolen glance drives home leaving her husband to follow, deriving such consolation as he may from the society of his friends and the consumption of cigarettes.

At 3 a.m. he is expected to knock at the door of the bride's parents' house and greet the friends who have been asked to share in the festivities. Refreshments such as sweetmeats and cakes are served, and the guests when all are assembled toast the young couple in champagne.

When the finances preclude this luxury, English bottled ale is substituted.

As soon as the eatables and drinkables are disposed of, the guests will rise, and forming into a procession, conduct the bride to her future husband's house. After the fittings of each room have been closely examined and commented on, everyone leaves, and the young couple are left alone in peace.

## The Other was Ted.

My little love in a hammock lay  
Resting alone on a hot summer day,  
Her blue eyes closed, and her sunny head  
Nestling so low on the cushion spread.

Ah, dear little love, how sweet you look,  
All by yourself in that quiet nook;  
Just one little kiss on those little lips,  
And another to match on your pink finger tips.

I softly approached and bent my head,  
And tenderly kissed those lips so red;  
My little love stirred, and sleepily said:  
"You mustn't do that, my dear old Ted."

I slowly and sadly turned away,  
And never came back another day,  
What was it made my heart like lead?  
My name is Frank and some other's is Ted!

## How Johnny Sees It.

A CORRESPONDENT has come into the possession of portion of a high-caste Chinaman's diary of travel in England, and sends me a translation.

The critic says the English take enormous quantities of whisky; "they hurry with everything instead of resting like civilised persons; they never enjoy themselves by sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves."

"They kick balls violently without pay, and even sit down to the same table with women; while the English dancing consists of spinning round 'to most discordant music."

"Furthermore, in good weather, English people wander in the fields waving long sticks senselessly in the air."

It will be noticed that there are two sides to the question of national oddity.

## Presence of Mind.

ALTHOUGH it is not given to everybody to know exactly what to do at the right moment, one woman at least can lay claim to a presence of mind which may, without undue exaggeration, be considered phenomenal.

This woman's little boy was ailing from some trivial childish complaint, and the doctor ordered him some medicine. He had just taken his daily dose when his mother said, with some excitement:

"I quite forgot to shake that bottle afore giein' ye't, Johnnie. Come here."

Johnnie obeyed; and, much to his astonishment and disgust, was subjected to a vigorous shaking from the strong arms of the parent, at the conclusion of which he was laid down with the remark:

"There, my laddie, that'll dae. It should be gay weel mixed up noo, I'm thinkin'; but don't let me forget again."

Johnnie promised.

## FOLK WHO FANCY THEY SUFFER LIKE GREAT MEN.

SINCE MR. GLADSTONE'S DEATH, DOZENS OF PEOPLE IMAGINE THEY HAVE CANCER IN THE FACE.

P.W. has completed the round of many of London's great hospitals in quest of information upon a matter which, if not actually of the gravest import to the community, is, nevertheless, of more than ordinary interest, namely, the fact that when an eminent person succumbs to any particular form of disease, there are hundreds of people who build themselves up in the belief that they are suffering from the same complaint; a strange fancy which, fed by worry and excitement, often brings into actual existence the very disease which has carried off such notable personage.

Said the house-surgeon at King's Hospital: "There are no actual statistics verifying your theory, but it is true. The exceptionally nervous person—we should call him the neurotic—is an easy victim to hallucination; but it is the advanced hypochondriac who suffers most from nervous fear."

"As a matter of fact," added a second medical gentleman, who joined us in the interview at the same place, "I had a young lady patient here who fancied she had hip-joint disease, her friend having succumbed recently from that malady together with other complications. My patient hypnotised herself into that belief, merely on chimerical grounds, and, singular to say, she showed the symptoms of the disease, which deceived her own doctor who sent her here; but as soon as she was placed under anaesthesia it was seen that the hip and limb were in excellent working order."

There is a case on record where a man through "suggestion" or hypnotic influence actually raised a blister on his hand. A big epidemic of imitators will not follow in the wake of Mr. Gladstone's illness, for it is difficult to say what he died of.

At Charing Cross Hospital a medical officer said: "When the Emperor Frederick died, there was an epidemic of alleged sore throats, or diseased larynxes, and chronic neurotics begged to be operated upon. Any nervous person having any affection of the throat devoured the news of the Emperor's illness and made themselves ill over it. Tracheotomy was frequently performed."

"This operation—the insertion of a silver tube in the throat—itself pleased a good many, as it enabled them to show their friends how the Emperor was treated. Hysterical persons principally are victims of this mild form of insanity. It is an inexplicable vagary."

"Creatures of circumstance we are," said a physician at St. George's. "I suppose we must allow and expect human weaknesses to form part of our daily life and experience. Shortly before Lord Beaconsfield died, his memory failed him, and immediately there were a great number of other bad memories accounted for. This notifying of a failing memory was soon emphasised in the actions of the person complaining, and in many cases fear brought on the real inability to remember."

"The Empress of Russia has happily recovered from the attack of measles; but her prostration from it made grown-up persons who had never had the complaint quite restless and uneasy, and many actually succumbed to the malady through hardly anything but fear."

"It is phenomenally curious," said a well-known physician, "but when on my daily visits I am almost sure to be told by one or other of my patients that they are suffering from the 'very same symptoms, doctor, that such and such a great personage is down with.' Only yesterday a lady said to me: 'I am beginning to feel a pain in my face; I do hope it isn't cancer. Wasn't it that that Mr. Gladstone died of?'"

"The whole thing is based on a nervous fear. When the Duke of Clarence died, people with weak and ailing chests worried themselves and feared their succumbing to pneumonia. When the Duke of York was down with typhoid fever nervous people made their lives miserable, and the slightest illness was at once construed on the possibility of its being typhoid."

"The Queen suffers from a bad knee. This fact is known to one or two old lady patients of mine inclined to be rheumatic, and the presence of the malady in that particular part is at once made the excuse for bombarding me with questions as to whether it is like Her Majesty's. They view with horror the possibility of having to walk with a stick."

"It behoves a medical man in these days to be well up in the history of a case in connection with the death of a great man. He must have at his fingers' end the A B C of the disease that terminated his life, for at every house he calls the death of the latest notable person is discussed, and bearings are taken and compared with your patients."

This fright, or nightmare, or fancy on the part of the public, is really due to the elaborate methods adopted by the press in describing the illness and symptoms of celebrated persons. No detail, however insignificant, is allowed to slip by, and the nervous person reading what is printed becomes hopelessly intoxicated with the belief, should he happen to have, say, one of the symptoms mentioned in any given case, that he has the whole bunch of them. He works himself up to such a high pitch of excitement that he breeds disease if none were there before.

# The Conundrum Competition.

SO SIMPLE THAT A CHILD CAN WIN A PRIZE.

Below you will find five Conundrums. Five also will appear for the next two weeks. There will be thirty in all. You must find out the Solution to each Conundrum, and write it on the dotted line. When you have the six lists complete send them to us, on a date we shall name presently. If no one sends a completely correct set, the Editor will award the prizes to those most nearly correct, or otherwise, at his discretion.

FIRST PRIZE, £50 in Bank Notes.

SECOND PRIZE, £10 in Bank Notes.

And 40 Prizes of One Pound Each.

List No. 4.

16. Why is a talkative young man like a young pig?

17. When is iron sometimes like a band of robbers?

18. What part of a ship is like a farmer?

19. If one asks a question and another answers it, which is the oddest fellow?

20. Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a sceptical Hindoo?

## HOW TO WIN.

If you do not know  
a solution yourself,  
keep asking every  
person you meet.

SOMEBODY  
MUST  
KNOW.

Name.....

Address.....

A capital article on night photographs appear in the June PEARSON'S. All amateur photographers should read it.

## The Lost Provinces.

HOW VANSITTART CAME BACK TO FRANCE.

A SEQUEL TO "AN AMERICAN EMPEROR."

By Louis Tracy.

### CHAPTER XXXIII. (continued).

THE King of France stamped impatiently on the floor. He would have retorted angrily had not Vansittart's restraining look plainly said:

"Remember your promise."

From the German officers came murmurs of indignation, showing how they chafed at the situation.

Jerome directly addressed them.

"So," he said, "you share your headstrong leader's view? You still hold your opponents in such feeble esteem that you believe your armies in Lorraine to be superior to circumstances. Let me undeceive you. To-day your expedition, consisting presumably of your picked troops, was beaten by less than half its numbers. Only one-third of my men were in the field when you were hopelessly crippled. You have seen the value of the motors in action, and I tell you emphatically that if my demands are not acceded to fully within the hour, all my available force will march to-night for the frontier. To-morrow General Kreuznach will be asked to defeat the same combination that you have already found irresistible. What will be the result?"

The Emperor broke in. "I have abdicated," he cried. "A German Emperor in the clutches of the enemy can at least refuse to betray his country."

"What care I for your abdication?" was the scornful retort. "An Emperor is no more to me than the driver of a baggage mule. It is of Germany I am thinking, not of her puppet ruler. Beware, sir, lest the German people lose a dynasty as well as a province."

The two men were but a couple of paces apart during this impassioned dialogue. The stubborn Saxon nature in each shone from their resolute blue eyes. Wilhelm's attitude showed that if the vital issues before them could be determined by strangling his opponent, he would gladly make the attempt—Vansittart's, that he entertained profound contempt for a monarch who cared little if he brought his country to degradation in order to gratify his personal pride.

How the meeting would have terminated had it gone on unchecked in this fashion no man in the room was afterwards able to say. The effect of another angry phrase or biting retort might have shaken Europe to its foundations.

But a dramatic finale was at hand.

A sudden commotion drew all eyes to the door, which was violently flung open, revealing a German aide-de-camp struggling ineffectually beneath the giant grip of Arizona Jim.

"Come off, you sausage-eatin' shrimp," yelled Bates. "When I wants for see my boss every German in the Fatherland has got ter quit. See, Sauerkraut?" and he threw the officer in a heap into the passage.

"Why, what's the matter, Jim?" cried Vansittart.

"A telegram for you, gov'nor. An' when General le Breton says quick he means quick. So here it is, if there was forty bloomin' Emperors in the room." Jim glanced with fiery contempt from his fallen adversary to the Kaiser.

Jerome read the telegram and handed it to the Kaiser, saying: "Possibly this may influence your decision."

The Emperor disdainfully took the little bit of flimsy. He read its contents twice before he seemed to fully comprehend their purport. Then his customary pallid complexion assumed an ashen hue. He visibly trembled. Even his voice shook as he murmured: "Can this be true!"

"On my honour," said Vansittart, "it is sent for my information, and I have no reason to doubt its accuracy. Indeed, it only obeys my order and fulfills my expectation." Wilhelm dropped listlessly into a chair, to bury his face in his hands—the slanting rays of the sinking sun, striking in patches through the low diamond-framed windows of the room, showed great drops of perspiration glistening on his forehead.

The square-shouldered, plank-like Germans stood in riveted attention, whilst the King of France almost whispered: "What is it?"

The little King's eager curiosity brought a smile to Jerome's grave lips. He stooped to pick up the telegram from the floor, where it had fallen from the Emperor's nerveless fingers.

"I will read it aloud," he said.

And this is what he read:

Metz is ours; the tricolour floats again above its walls. Whilst our attack on Kreuznach was developing, I formed strong columns for the assault of Metz, and carried position after position with astounding ease. The gallant troops of France would not be galled. Fighting in oak-lands still proceeding; but we are firmly established in the town itself, and in the forts to west and south. Kreuznach will probably make desperate efforts to recapture Metz; but I am confident of ability to hold him off pending further orders. Have just heard of your great victory. Most hearty congratulations.—DAVISON.

Not German military decorum could withstand this momentous news. The staff officers broke out into strong guttural ejaculations, but Vansittart stayed them by a wave of his hand.

"Now, your Majesty, which is it to be? Am I to march to complete Daublenon's coup, or do you accept my terms, frankly and fully?"

Wilhelm dropped his hands and looked round.

"Very well. Be it so," he said. "But soldiers, not mayors, shall utter the first word. Gentlemen, you are cognisant of all that has happened. Am I to answer 'Yes' or 'No' to M. Vansittart?"

He named them all individually. Each man agreed, though some of the voices were tremulous with grief. It was a bitter sequel to the war of '70-71 for the veterans of Mars la Tour and Sedan.

"Good," said the Emperor, rising from his chair. "I will make the best of it, M. Vansittart. There is my hand on it."

"And with the King of France!" said Jerome, accepting the proffered handshake.

"With the King of France, by all means."

But they were Continental monarchs, so Wilhelm and Henri embraced.

"Now," cried Wilhelm, from whom a great depression had seemingly passed in an instant, "what is the best way to set about it?"

"After your Majesty has signed a document briefly reciting our agreement, I will have much pleasure in giving you and these other gentlemen every facility for rejoining your army on the frontier. You can, like me, telegraph orders to suspend hostilities until your arrival."

"And these mayors? When do they meet?" The Kaiser did not yet take kindly to the stipulation. It still rankled.

"The day after to-morrow, at Metz."

"So soon! We meet there to ratify their—their verdict."

"Assuredly. You will think better of mayoral intelligence when they have ended their sitting."

"Then I am ready to start forthwith."

Some writing materials were produced, the preliminary treaty drawn up and signed, and some telegrams dispatched. As he laid down his pen the Kaiser said:

"I would ask one small favour. Let me see one of your infernal motor-cars."

In the growing twilight the whole party trooped out together, to find the French soldiers in Verry cheerfully preparing rations for themselves and their captives.

The vanquished at least realised the superiority of the victors in one respect: they did not dream of disputing their pre-eminence as cooks.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

ELSAß-LOTHARINE.

THE selection of the twelve mayors who were to constitute the world-renowned Council of Metz was not such an easy matter when the representatives of France and Germany came to tackle it in earnest.

In the first case it was necessary that the six Frenchmen should speak German, and the six Germans French to insure a thorough exchange of ideas preparatory to the compilation of a joint report.

When the bilingual lists were drawn up, giving the names of every man thus qualified, the leaders on both sides passed some anxious hours in picking out those dignitaries most likely to preserve a judicial frame of mind.

At last, amidst much speculation by their fellow countrymen, and objects of close attention by Europe and America, the chosen twelve assembled in the Town Hall of Metz.

Here they were received by Vansittart and the two monarchs. After the worthy gentlemen had been hospitably entertained, the millionaire addressed them.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the problem submitted to your devoted attention is perhaps the most serious that any human conclave was ever yet asked to solve. Two great nations, which geographically and ethnologically are wholly distinct, have lived for a generation in hourly dread of the war which has just been brought to a close. Why? Because of the constant rankling in the breast of each of the wound left open by the campaign of 1870-1. Other considerations I sweep aside. I do not admit that so-called social or hereditary feuds can live in the electric glare of modern progress. The world is more than big enough for every Frenchman and every German. I am absolutely convinced that the heart's desire of each true patriot in both countries is to see his land prospering in peace and freed from the curse of militarism."

An unmistakable burst of applause from the delegates encouraged Vansittart, whilst Wilhelm II. took a keen interest in the shape of his left boot.

"I am glad to think that you are with me in this belief. I look to you with confidence to justify the trust I reposed in you when I asked the King of France and the German Emperor to submit to your arbitration the vital questions in dispute between them."

The King of France and the German Emperor both tried to look as though Jerome's way of putting the matter was strictly accurate. But the Mayor of Leipsic, who was a bit of a wag, winked solemnly at his *confrère* of Lyons, an old and valued business correspondent.

"What we propose—I speak with their majesties' approval"—went on Vansittart—"is that you shall meet forthwith in the apartments prepared for you. There, unfettered by diplomacy, unchecked by treaty or precedent, supplied only with writing materials and some excellent maps, you will proceed to draw up what I hope will be a unanimous decision as to the best means of finally settling the natural frontier between France and Germany. You are a judicial tribunal, not a collection of special pleaders. The industrial masses of Germany have as much faith in the representatives of France as the people of France have in those of Germany. Show neither fear nor favour. Your recommendations in the interests of peace cannot go too far, your guarantees cannot be too binding."

Vansittart's voice became unconsciously stern, almost menacing, as he uttered the last sentences. The assembled mayors looked at him only now, whilst Henri and the Kaiser wondered what he would say next. To their relief, he added

"Beyond this general counsel I cannot now proceed. Did I not hold a brief for France in this quarrel I would gladly assist at your deliberations, but the circumstances of the case render it impossible. I appeal to you to approach your grave duties in the spirit of traders rather than statesmen—as pioneers of progress, and not as soldiers, holding back civilisation at the point of the bayonet. You have, on the honour of French and German ministers, been summoned hither without advice or instruction. You will remain so until you communicate to me that you have arrived at a unanimous agreement, or as near such a consummation as may be attainable. During your sitting, or sittings—for you may remain together for some days if you so desire—no one will be permitted to visit you nor hear from you. To all intents and purposes you are a jury dealing with the most noteworthy verdict that ever yet jury was convened to consider. Strong in the conviction that the mayors of twelve enlightened cities will readily settle a vexed question which two terrible and disastrous wars have utterly failed to decide, I dismiss you to your task."

There was a moment's pause, when the strong staccato accents of the German Emperor sounded through the room:

"I have nothing to add to what M. Vansittart has said. May the spirit of"—(by sheer force of habit he nearly said "my grandfather")—"of wisdom abide with you. Hock!"

Henri V. thought it incumbent to make his voice heard: "I drink to the frontier of peace and brotherly relations," he said, and the little king's happy phrase won general approval.

The mayors retired at one o'clock. At five the same evening the Mayor of Marseilles, who, by reason of seniority in years had been elected spokesman for the others, sent messages to both camps to the effect that the council was ready with its report.

The intense curiosity that prevailed in the breasts of French and German statesmen brought them rapidly to the Hotel de Ville. Not alone Vansittart and the two monarchs, but every minister and prominent official who had the slightest claim to be present, put in an appearance, and the grand Salon of the Town Hall was filled with a brilliant and animated throng when the mayors solemnly filed in from their memorable conclave.

"Have you unanimously agreed upon your recommendations, gentleman?" said Vansittart, and the query induced a profound silence in the crowded room.

"We have," said the Mayor of Marseilles.

Stepping forward he read, with clear and emphatic voice, the following:

"We, the undersigned mayors of twelve French and German cities, in pursuance of the great trust committed to our care, are unanimously of opinion:

1. That the Province of Lorraine, as marked out by a reasonably straight line drawn from Donon in the Vosges Mountains to, but not including, the town of Sarreguemund, shall in future be French territory, the legal boundary to be fixed by a properly constituted commission.
2. That the Province of Elsass, naturally defined by the watershed of the Vosges Mountains, shall remain German territory, with the addition of the small portion of Lorraine lying to the east of the line indicated in paragraph 1.
3. That all fortresses and defensive works of military significance within the limits of the said provinces of Lorraine and Elsass be forthwith levelled to the ground.
4. That all so-called strategic railways in both provinces shall be speedily linked together, and joined, where practicable, to the main lines of France and Germany, for the better development of commerce and the promotion of mutual intercourse.
5. That no officer of the army shall hold administrative position in either of the provinces.
6. That no troops shall be stationed in large numbers, nor military stores or armaments collected, within 100 French kilometres of the new frontier line.
7. That the Customs and Police authorities of France and Germany shall be solely entrusted with the conduct of frontier regulations, which shall be framed only in regard to revenue and legal necessities.
8. That in all other respects there shall be free and uninterrupted passage between the two countries."

Then the Mayor read the names and designations of himself and his colleagues.

At once a buzz of eager comment arose.

"It means the dismantling of Strasbourg and Mulhausen," cried the Kaiser.

"We get Metz shorn of its defences, whilst Belfort, Verdun, and every fortress in the East of France must be torn to pieces," vociferated Henri.

"Preposterous," growled the German officers.

"Ridiculous," cried the Frenchmen.

Then everyone looked to Vansittart, who had meanwhile secured the report from the Mayor of Marseilles and had perused it with the aid of a small map.

Raising his head he obtained a hearing.

"I am glad to note," he said with a smile, "that nobody seems to be satisfied. There is no surer sign that these excellent gentlemen have tried to be just. Nay, more, they have succeeded in their efforts. Their award exceeds my utmost hopes, whilst it more than justifies the confidence I placed in them. They have given to France French Lorraine; they have secured to Germany German Elsass. And because they have arrived at a conclusion outlined for them by natural law, they take stringent precautions lest the power of men to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done. Surely they have well acquitted themselves. If ever men deserved honour, these do. In a few hours, aided only by their common sense, they have achieved triumphs which two generations of statesmen and generals, backed by millions of soldiers, have wholly failed to achieve. My friends, think what it means. There are no longer Lost Provinces or hostile principalities. Let us marvel at their work rather than cavil at its methods. If we do, the whole world will join in our chorus of praise."

Little more remains to be told. Folliet captured Ribou; Arizona Jim shot Hans Schwartz, just to keep him out of mischief, and the impatient revolution in Paris died out as the victorious troops marched in.

THE END.

# Finger Prints and their Meaning.

TAKE AN IMPRESSION OF YOUR THUMB OR FINGER, AND YOU WILL BE ABLE TO TELL YOUR CHARACTER.

WHEN anybody can't write his name nowadays, all he has to do is to make his mark, while his friend holds the pen; but in days gone by, where in out-of-the-way places seals or stamps were at a premium, people left their thumb-mark upon the document, which quite satisfied the law of their respective countries.

The importance of finger prints in legal identification was first brought to notice by Sir William Herschell, who held a government appointment in the wild Hooghly district of India. He found great difficulty in distinguishing one brown-skinned native from another, the colour of hair, eyes, and complexion being very uniform in this race, added to which the natives were noted perverters of the plain, unvarnished truth.

Much of the litigation that came before him referred to land, and as the litigants could neither read nor write, and in order to impress them with the solemnity of the law and its judicial proceedings, he adopted the plan of getting them to affix their finger prints to all legal documents.

They regarded the performance of this act with fear and trembling, but it had the desired effect of preserving the peace in that region and of bringing the natives up to a fair standard of truthful morality.

The natives looked at the matter in one light; Sir William in another. He discovered that of all the finger prints he had taken there were hardly two alike, which fact afterwards proved absolute identification in cases of dispute.

Finger prints never change. Those circular ridges you see on the surface of your skin at the bulb of any one of your fingers are the same all through your life as they were at your birth.

The French police are the first in the field with the idea and everybody passing through their hands, either as a sentenced prisoner, or a mere suspect, has to submit the process of finger printing, which is registered against him for life. Our own Scotland Yard authorities approve of the scheme because it is more reliable than the taking and retaining a prisoner's photograph, for length of years brings about radical changes in a man's face, and expression, to say nothing of changes of condition.

So far we have proved the usefulness of the new science. Employed as a pastime the study of finger prints is fascinating. Take a magnifying glass and examine your friend's fingers, and you will observe ridges running from side to side of, say, the thumb. They cover the entire surface. These ridges arch over the finger tip, leaving a space which is filled by other ridges, occurring in patterns of much complexity. Observation has demonstrated that nature fixes the ridges of the finger before birth, and they are never altered by the growth of the finger, that new ridges are never formed, and that none are ever destroyed except by accidental injuries, and in these cases scars are left to tell the story.

To take an impression of the finger, press your thumb on an ordinary rubber-stamp ink-pad—it must not be too wet—and then produce what you want on a piece of paper having a roughish surface.

The accompanying thumb prints of several English celebrities have been obtained by P.W. at personal interviews, and our readers are fortunate in thus being able to start their new "Finger-print Album" with these impressions. With the exception of Mr. Terry's, the prints are taken from the thumb. The other explanatory diagrams are well worth studying. There are no two persons strictly alike in character and disposition, and herein lies the value of finger print reading.

Let us take the thumb impression of the Lord Chief Justice. His print corresponds with the spiral whorl, and indicates great force of character and considerable forensic ability, manly virtues of fair dealing, charity, and kindly thought; love of hearth and home, study, religious inclination, and a desire to assist others. It delineates nervous temperament of an unusual degree, a quick apprehension of ideas, order, and method.

Mr. George R. Sims is apparently a bold being, a man with aspirations, but without a tittle of vanity about him. Reading his

thumb print carefully, one becomes disappointed in the end, for his print yields sufficient evidence to show that his opinion of society is not a golden one; he regards it with a cynical eye, and has no belief in its methods. "Dagonet" wants a free hand, and boasts of no pretention to hero worship. He loves animals, and just a few human friends; the rest of the world is a puzzle to him. He doesn't care a fig for fame; but he has great sympathy for his trodden-down upon human fellow-creatures.

The finger print of Sir Henry Irving is strongly characteristic of the man. Extreme generosity is a marked feature; impulsiveness, determination, eloquence and desire for information, all these are marked items in the character of the print.

Sir Henry would approve of no wrong-doing, while his gentle nature proves his fairness in all things. He possesses unlimited power of command, and though he is always open to conviction, the operation of his mind works against the principle of accepting too much correction. His is the print of a successful man; fortune crowns the ridges, and upon close inspection it will appear patent to you that he is generally an even man in all his doings.

In the print of Sir Spencer Walpole's thumb there is seen the assumption of power quite in agreement with Sir Spencer's present position as Secretary of the Post Office. Order is his first law, while examination of the ridges of his thumb mark reveals an individuality concordant with his office, showing, as they do, power of command, organising ability, precision, and keen judgment. Just the man for the Post Office.

Reading the thumb impression of Mr. John Dunn, editor of the MORNING POST, one is struck again with the presence in his print of that indicating influence which reveals what that gentleman actually is, a successful journalist, a man

able to direct his compass, an organiser of ideas, with whom work is a pleasure, and who is affable and generous to a fault.

The finger print of an ex-Lord Mayor of London, Sir Joseph Renals, Bart., is interesting. The print is of that class designated the circular whorl. The ridges point to extreme and rare aspirations towards ambition. Success is plainly marked in the lines of Sir Joseph's thumb in conjunction with a desire for social distinction, which has already been accorded to him. To be received in State by the President of France at the Elysée is an honour not frequently conferred upon Lord Mayors. Although he is abrupt in manner, he is endowed with a generous heart, and no appeal to him by a deserving person would be refused. He is a man of nervous temperament, easily excited, but possessed of such strength of will power as to be able to arrest the possibility of his excitement carrying him too far over the steep rocks of personal danger.

Mr. Edward Terry requests us to say that we have the imprint of his "best" finger, and that being so, P.W. has only to add that the impression breathes Mr. Terry's "points," which are all of the best class.

Commencing the study of finger prints you will at first be struck by the complex variety of the patterns formed by the ridges. But really there are only three classes under which finger prints may be catalogued, their denomination being gauged by the relative value of the "whorls" as shown.

You must discern the difference between arches and loops in the summing-up of character. The arch pattern is different in every individual. When the ridges are deeply arched the character of the person is of a correspondingly high nature, particularly if the ridges run continuously from side to side, sending off branches which run parallel to the original ridges, and filling up the space within the arch on the bulb of the finger.

Loops are easily distinguishable on account of their distinctive character. It will generally be found that a person with these ridges in his finger will be of a studious disposition, a man with high intellectual qualities, having a nervous temperament and strong desires to get on in the world.

The third class includes the whorls—an instructive medium. The man or woman who can trace these ridges in the finger tips is a person of great ambition with certain redeeming qualities, such as caution and discernment of character, bordering on the philosophical.

But, apart from the teaching principles connected with finger prints, there is an infinite fund of information to be gathered in collecting the finger prints of people you know, and in comparing them one with another.

In the print of Sir Spencer Walpole's thumb there is seen the assumption of power quite in agreement with Sir Spencer's present position as Secretary of the Post Office. Order is his first law, while examination of the ridges of his thumb mark reveals an individuality concordant with his office, showing, as they do, power of command, organising ability, precision, and keen judgment. Just the man for the Post Office.

Reading the thumb impression of Mr. John Dunn, editor of the MORNING POST, one is struck again with the presence in his print of that indicating influence which reveals what that gentleman actually is, a successful journalist, a man



Lord Chief Justice of England  
(Lord Russell of Kilowen).  
Spiral Whorl.



Sir Joseph Renals, Bart.,  
Ex-Lord Mayor of London.  
Circular Whorl.



Mr. Edward Terry.  
His "best" finger.  
Index Finger Ridges.



Mr. George R. Sims.  
The Loop.



Mr. John Dunn,  
Editor of Morning Post.  
Arch and Bulb.



The Loop.



Sir Henry Irving.  
An Uncommon Loop.



Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.S.,  
Sec. of General Post Office.  
Of the Loop Class.



The Arch.

their distinctive character. It will generally be found that a person with these ridges in his finger will be of a studious disposition, a man with high intellectual qualities, having a nervous temperament and strong desires to get on in the world.

The third class includes the whorls—an instructive medium. The man or woman who can trace these ridges in the finger tips is a person of great ambition with certain redeeming

qualities, such as caution and discernment of character, bordering on the philosophical.

But, apart from the teaching principles connected with finger prints, there is an infinite fund of information to be gathered in collecting the finger prints of people you know, and in comparing them one with another.

When does a year appear three times?—If you can answer this, and one or two other conundrums, you are sure to secure one of the handsome prizes offered in this week's HOME NOTES.

## MEMORIES THAT YOUR PARENTS GIVE YOU.

THINGS YOU RECOLLECT WHICH HAVE NEVER HAPPENED TO YOU.

It is a well-known fact that deformities and diseases in parents may be transmitted to children even to the third and fourth generation. Peculiarities of habit and speech are also known to have run through many generations of certain families, as in the case of the family in which all the sons, on arriving at maturity, felt irresistibly impelled to rise at midnight and prepare themselves a cup of tea.

In this case the father had contracted this peculiar habit, which the sons, unknown to the father, felt compelled to fall into; and their sons in turn became addicted to the same habit, practising it in secrecy, until chance brought two of them together at the time at which they usually indulged themselves. It was then found that the peculiar craving for the midnight tea had run through three generations.

P.W. knows of a family of four generations—great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and daughter—who cannot pronounce words which include the letter "b," using the sound of "g" instead. Thus, "blood" becomes "glood"; "bubble" is rendered "grggle." In other respects their pronunciation is faultless, and no amount of training has been able to eradicate the one defect.

If peculiarities of body and habit are capable of being transmitted from parents to children, why should it not be possible for ideas and facts to be passed on in the same way?

Who is there who has not, when visiting some place for the first time in his life, been suddenly struck with the idea that he has been in that very place before; and recalling, as it were, the echoes of some far-distant past, he passes along, expecting to find certain features in certain places, and evincing no surprise at finding them there.

The writer on one occasion was sent to a small town in the north of Ireland—a place he had never before heard of, much less visited—and was utterly surprised to find that the place was strangely familiar to him. Wandering down the main street he expected to find the church, which, he inwardly felt would have its tower detached from the nave—a very rare occurrence—at the bottom. No church appeared, however, and on making inquiries he found that the church was situated at the other side of the town.

He felt disappointed at not finding the church in the expected place, but set off to the other end of the town. Here stood a church, but it was a new one. Further inquiry elicited the fact that the old church had stood at the bottom of the main street, and its tower had been a detached one; but that it had been demolished about ten years before, when the new church was built. On being shown a photograph of the old church, the writer immediately recognised it as the one he had expected to see.

A year or two afterwards, when on a visit to his parents, he casually mentioned the fact of his visiting the town, and, expecting to find a church with a detached tower, and was much surprised to learn that his father, when a boy of sixteen, had run away from home, and that in his wanderings he had passed through that very town, and had been much struck by the strangeness of the church.

An old man living in an obscure Cornish village declared that he had a distinct, though far-away remembrance, as if he had actually been present, and taken part on Monmouth's side, in the battle of Sedgemoor. He gave a vivid description of the fight, and accurately described the scene of the battle, but could not recall anything further.

The strange point about this case is that the old man had never been out of Cornwall in his life, nor could he read or write.

Two things stood out more clearly in his mind than anything else, and they were that the rebels used leather cannon, and that many men had been hanged on trees. His remembrance seemed vividly real to him, and nothing could shake his belief.

It subsequently appeared that the old man's antecedents originally came from Glastonbury in Somersetshire, but it could not be traced that any one of them had taken part in the rebellion of 1685, although it was quite within the bounds of possibility.

Is it not possible that it was the transmitted memory of a man who actually took part in the rebellion, and whose recollections were so vivid as to survive five generations?

Another instance shows the transmitted memory in a different light.

Dr. L— is at present a practitioner in a large village in Suffolk. He is descended from a good family, in fact he is the descendant of the squire who formerly owned all the land in the neighbourhood.

To understand the doctor's story it is necessary to say that the last Squire L—, the doctor's grandfather, was a very reserved man, to a degree bordering on eccentricity. He had remained a bachelor up to the age of fifty-two, when, to everybody's surprise, he married. In less than a year after his marriage he died, and then came a greater surprise than ever. He left no will, and

very little money, and the estate was mortgaged as far as it possibly could be.

This was inexplicable, as the Squire's income was known to have been about £3,000 a year, and, as he kept no banking account, and was very saving, it was expected that cash enough would be found in the house to pay off the mortgages and all expenses. No papers could be found by which the whereabouts of the money, if any, could be ascertained. Search was unavailing, and in the end, the estate passed into other hands, and the Squire's widow took a house in the village and lived on her small private means.

About six months afterwards a son was born who was brought up to the profession of a doctor, and in time his son also followed the same profession, taking his father's practice on his early death. Being the only doctor in the place, he was naturally called to the Hall when a medical man was required, and in time he became very friendly with the present owner, a man about his own age.

Being invited to accompany him for a day's shooting, they proceeded to a distant cover to get some sport. On arriving there, it struck the doctor that the place was familiar to him, although he knew that he had never been on that part of the estate before.

The more he pondered the matter, the deeper the conviction grew on him that he had, if not in body, then in spirit been in that place before. About a month after, his memory seemed to clear, and it appeared to him, as if it were a dream, that under one of the oaks in that cover, he had buried something of value, what, he could not tell.

Taking the owner of the land into his confidence, he asked him, just for curiosity's sake, and not because he for a moment believed what he supposed to be a dream, to accompany him and dig under the tree. When they had dug down about six feet, they came upon a large iron bucket, rusted almost to pieces, in which lay gold to the amount of £18,000, and with it a will drawn up by the last Squire L—, the doctor's grandfather, leaving it to his (the Squire's) wife.

Seeing that over fifty years had elapsed since old Squire L— died, the doctor and his friend agreed that no ends would be served by making the matter public. They therefore concluded to divide the money, the doctor taking three-fourths, as he was the rightful heir, the remainder going to his friend.

This story is no romance, it is solemn fact. The doctor himself is now a firm believer in the transmitted memory, although it conflicts with his professional teaching.

The strange points about this story are the facts, that at the old Squire's death the doctor's father was unborn, and that the transmitted memory—if such it were—appeared in the third generation.

Is it impossible to believe that facts stored up in the brains of one generation may not be reproduced in those of following generations, or must we descend to the regions of the occult to obtain an explanation of these occurrences? If any of my readers are in a position to forward similar experiences, I shall be pleased to give a solid silver pencil-case to the sender of the best, provided it comes to hand before the end of this month.

### Same Old Line.

THE other day a man who looked as if he had important business on hand, knocked at the door of a house for five long minutes without getting any response. Then a window was thrown up in the house next door, and a woman put her head out and said:

"The folks are all away there."

"How long have they been gone?" asked the man.

"Two weeks."

"And when will they return?"

"In about two more."

"Then it's no use for me to stand here for the next two weeks and knock at the door?"

"No, sir."

"I see, and I will cease to knock."

"Was it anything special?" she asked.

"Oh, no—same old line, you know—cast-off clothes and cold vittles. Sorry they have been away two weeks, and won't be back for two more, but such is life. Madame, has your husband got an old coat or vest or pair of trousers he could spare, or have you some coffee and bacon left over from breakfast which you would be willing—?"

In went the woman's head, and down came the cash, and the next instant the man was as much alone as if seated in a boat in mid-ocean.

### M. A. P.

M. A. P. means Mainly About People.

M. A. P. will be Edited by Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

M. A. P. will be the Smartest Paper for the Smartest People. It will contain Everything Worth Knowing about Everybody Worth Knowing.

M. A. P. is Coming out on Thursday, June 16th, and will Come out Every Thursday afterwards.

M. A. P.—well, more about M. A. P. Next Week.

## The War-Spirit on the Hearth.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN IN NEW YORK.

QUITE suddenly—the change was one of a day—the American people have gone to war. It is not easy to go to war, to make people see and feel you are in the thick of it when you cannot afford to volunteer for service, have to stop at home, attend at your office, go on with your ordinary life without making any change, without being aware that anything is happening except through the newspapers.

There was a great talk; the country was at war, but there was nothing to show for it. People looked back with regret to the time of the last Presidential election. Then there was something. What? All of a sudden the whole situation became clear. Then there were the election buttons—those little white studs to wear in the lapel of your coat. Now there was nothing.

The change, as I have said, was one of a day. In one day there suddenly appeared, in the streets of New York alone, one million flags. Every building raised a flag-staff, unfurled the Stars and Stripes. From all the windows bunting was displayed.

Probably the suggestion came from an editorial in one of the big newspapers. It was written thus:

Fling out your flag to-day! Are you an American, a real American? Do you believe in your country? If you do, fling out your flag. Let everybody know that you are a believer in freedom and that you burn to see Spain's treachery punished.

Up with the red, white and blue! Put out the biggest, the best, the handsomest national design your pocket can afford. Now is the time for all America to act as one man. No house is too small to fly an American flag. None is too big for such an honour.

Make to-day Flag Day.

Up with the most beautiful flag that ever floated in the breeze. Remember the Maine. Two hundred and sixty-six of your fellow-citizens have been foully murdered by Spanish assassins, who added to their crime the insult of their cowardices. Let all the world know that when the lives of our men are taken the whole nation will rise as one man to avenge them. There is not room enough in the ranks for all of us to fight. Greater than the army or the navy is the united nation behind it.

Up with the flag everybody! Let us show that we are a united nation. The mothers and widows and orphans of the men on the Maine will be glad to see the flag. They will feel that their heroes have not died in vain. It means liberty and life to the poor, starving, tortured Cubans. It means freedom from vassalage, so degrading and cruelly so brutal that we must go back to the darkest pages of history to find its equal. Will you not help the cause of freedom? If you will, then up with your flag. If you can fly a giant among flags, do so. If you can afford only a little one, put it up and be proud of it. Let us show that we are the solidest nation in the world, the most thoroughly united.

Up with the Stars and Stripes! Let every fighter who goes to the front remember that when he last saw his home it was flying the most glorious emblem ever known. Remember, too, that all the fighters can do better equipped with the knowledge that they have a united and enthusiastic country behind them.

Up with it, then. Man or woman, boy or girl, wherever you are with a house to shelter you, show your colours, proclaim to mankind that we are one for right and for freedom.

Up with the flag to-day!

Every patriotic American all over the country is wearing to-day a little red, white, and blue flag in his button-hole. That is a beginning. The roofs of the cable-cars are decorated with tiny flagstuffs and miniature banners. The horses in the drays and vans have each two flags waving proudly above their ears. The dogs and the cats have red, white, and blue ribbons round their necks. And then there are the bicyclists with the national colours stuck up in a ridiculous way from the lamp sockets of their machines.

The shop-keepers do things which seem to one almost pathetic in their desire to show they are at war—or to attract their bellicose customers.

Book-sellers show nothing but volumes in red, white, and blue bindings. Makers of artificial flowers, dealers in ribbons and stuffs, arrange their goods in three layers in the way that grocers display their sugars and currants and candied peel at Christmas time.

In all the hosiery shops, red, white—oh, how tired one gets of the combination—and blue, the proper craze colour, cravats are hung up, some really pretty, with miniature flags embroidered upon them.

The tailors find it more difficult. They can, however, drape their windows, stand three or four rifles against their sales of cloth, and paste up in big letters on their window front—WAR GLORIES!

A hatter in Broadway shows how thoroughly he has gone to war by having a special wire run from the telegraph office to his shop, and posting up the latest war bulletins outside his store. The advertisement he has gained in this way is greater even than one would suppose.

And, to add to all this display of ferocity, this plain declaration of martial mood, there have suddenly sprung up in the city squares recruiting tents, just like mushroom. It is not possible, of course, for everyone to enlist, but the stay-at-home can still display his ardour by thronging round the tents and cheering those who venture within.

On a fine day the crowds round these depôts are enormous; when it begins to rain they suddenly disappear. All the flags come down from the housetops, are dragged back through the office windows. Patriotism is a matter for a fine day. When it is wet, when they are not feeling good, then people give up remembering that they have gone to war—they leave the matter to the soldiers.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

# Contraband ... OF War.

BY  
M. P. SHIEL,  
Author of "The Man Stealers,"  
"Prince Zaleski,"  
"Empress of the Earth," etc.

A TALE OF THE HISPANO-AMERICAN STRUGGLE.

## SUMMARY.

DICK P. HOCKING is one of the most successful speculators in America. His only dangerous enemy in business is one Immanuel Appadacca, who uses José Campos as his dummy in all transactions. Appadacca builds a composite yacht named the *Huelva*. The movements of this boat are mysterious, and unknown to everybody except the owner and the crew. At the hour of the blowing up of the Maine, she lay without her master, in a creek outside Havana Harbour, and half an hour after the explosion she steamed away.

A certain piece of land on the Guiana-Venezuela frontier is to be offered for sale, and Campos receives instructions from Appadacca to make a private offer. Hocking gets wind of this, and decides to outbid his rival. He ultimately secures the yacht, but a night or two later, while steaming along the coast, the *Huelva* is quietly boarded by Appadacca and two men, and Hocking is made prisoner in his cabin. He is forced to pay \$5,000,000 dollars for every fowl, and \$5,000,000 dollars for every bottle of wine he uses, while a load of bread costs him \$5,000,000 dollars. When his funds give out he is told that he must supply Appadacca with \$5,000,000 dollars in specie or else starve. He agrees to pay. The *Montserrat* is a Spanish transport-ship, which had left Las Palmas with a thousand troops, beside war material, stores, and money for the Spanish forces in Cuba, and succeeds in running a blockade. Hocking, who is transferred to the *Montserrat*, spends some time in secretly cutting out the letters from a Spanish novel, and passing them up on the fly leaf to form a sentence saying that a Spanish ship is near Tampa. When he is instructed by Appadacca to write a letter to his banker telling him to deliver \$5,000,000 dollars in specie to the bearer, he uses this fly leaf, with the result that the next day an American gunboat captures the *Montserrat*, and Dick P. Hocking is free.

Appadacca confides in Father Pedro on board the *Huelva* that his ambition is to become Military Dictator in Spain, and to form a league with France, Russia, and Italy against a Saxon federation. At the same time, Dick P. Hocking is discussing with the Rev. Elias M. Petersen the possibilities of a similar combination on the part of America and Great Britain against the Latin races. Hocking and Petersen are on board the *Union*, a fast cruiser, and while the vessel is off the Porto Rico coast, she is discovered by the *Huelva*, commanded by Appadacca, which captures her. The prize crew, however, is overpowered after some stiff fighting, and a letter from Appadacca to Campos is secured, together with the former's title-deeds to a tract of territory near British Guiana.

## CHAPTER XI.

### IN DEEP WATERS.

THE *Huelva* coaled at Martinique. She left the south end of St. Lucia, where the cable was cut, without the least suspicion on the part of anyone on board that the *Union*, with Hocking, was at Castries, near the north end.

During the night of the seventh day the *Huelva's* pinnace was throbbing up the Solent with Appadacca in her stern. Late the next afternoon he was closeted with the Prime Minister in an inner apartment at the Foreign Office.

At this time the Anglo-American rapprochement was looking large. It was in everyone's mouth.

There was, indeed, the faintest suspicion abroad that the British Prime Minister himself was not so passionately enamoured of alliance as some of his lieutenants, as the mass of the nation, as the mass of Americans. Since the beginning of the movement he had made speeches, but on that subject had remained austere mute.

It was known that, in general, he had the strongest personal antipathy to the Yankee; but it was supposed that one man, even if he were strongly inclined that way, would be unable to withstand the set of the national currents. Already, in fact, a meeting to settle preliminaries had been arranged to take place in New York between the American Secretary of State, the Assistant Secretary of State, Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, and Sir Louis Davies, the Canadian Minister of Marine.

The mightiest affairs, however, depend upon the wills and motives of individuals.

"You tell me a strange thing, señor," said the Prime Minister.

"It is, however, true," replied Appadacca.

"And the title-deeds, you say, should be in our hands—when?"

"Within nine days at the furthest."

"It is by no means certain, you know, that our Government will see its way with absolute clearness to accept the gift. I do not conceal from you that we are, most of us, in no mood at the present moment to give any cause of jealousy to the people of the United States. We recognise their war as just and magnanimous."

"Their very justice is unjust."

"Ah, you think that—"

"Their very magnanimity is mean."

"There are those who say so."

"When a whole nation gives itself up to one object for a whole century, my lord, and that object a base one, you will find, at the end of that century, if you observe them narrowly, that their very pity is tainted; their very truth is false. They will have generous impulses—but their very generosity will be a self-deception. In nothing, nothing, will they be quite sincere, except in their greed, in their selfishness. In this matter of Cuba, you find that nation, whose sole motto is self-interest, whose very soul is corrupt with it, whose very name has become synonymous with callous greed—this is the nation which you find exclaiming, with a kind of theatrical belief in its own words: How admirably magnanimous a one am I!"

"I follow you, señor. You, however, miss my point. I did not say that this war is magnanimous. But I said that we here in England—the mass of our nation, magnanimous itself, and judging, of course, only by the first outside look of things, which is all they ever get to see—that they regard it as magnanimous."

"And this view of theirs—"

"Makes our position with regard to this otherwise most acceptable gift of land a far from certain one. You are, I presume, the executor—"

"Informally, yes. The real agent for Señor Appadacca in the matter is a Señor Josef Campos, the head of the house of Campos, in New York, of which your lordship may have heard."

"And Campos—"

"Will be in England, as I can say positively, within eight days. He should be now, in fact, at Cadiz."

"Then I shall wait the coming of Señor Campos with some impatience. The matter, of course, is sufficiently momentous to call for the summoning of a Cabinet Council; but nothing can be done till I have in my possession the title-deeds to lay before my colleagues. But this gentleman, Appadacca. You knew him, of course? I seem somehow, or somewhere, to have heard the name."

"He was the son of a nobleman of Spain. Your lordship probably heard of him in connection with his armed yacht, the *Huelva*."

"That is so! Now you say it, I remember. And the *Huelva*—will she continue her mysterious voyages?"

"I cannot say, my lord. If she does, you will be certain to hear of her."

"But stay. I was very much puzzled a few days ago by reading in the newspapers that a British steamer had reported in New York having sighted some Spanish ships of war near the American coast, when everyone knew that no Spanish ships were in that neighbourhood. Then, if I remember right, two other ships came in and reported the same thing afterwards. It struck me at the time—"

"That the *Huelva* might have had something to do with it?"

"Just so."

"It is quite possible, my lord. The captains' imaginations magnified one ship into a fleet; or else, the swiftness of the *Huelva's* movements, perhaps during the night, and her appearance at unexpected points, led them into the belief that it was not one, but several ships, which they sighted."

"And the cutting of the St. Lucia-St. Vincent cable? Have you any suspicion that the *Huelva* was involved in this matter?"

"On the contrary, my lord."

The Prime Minister shot a shrewd underglance at Appadacca's face.

"How so?" he said.

"Does your lordship, then, have reason to think that the *Huelva* was in those waters?"

"It has been hinted to me."

"Oh, in that case—but with what motive? Her owner, on the one hand, dowers the British Government with one of the vastest estates in the world. Is it likely that, on the other, he would leave behind him a crew ready to perform the first act of unprovoked hostility that came within their reach?"

"Was it, then, señor, an act performed by the Spanish cruisers?"

"That I admit, though with reluctance, is more probable."

"Ah—I note the admission."

"The matter, I hope, is not acutely serious, my lord?"

"It is acutely serious, señor. I give you my word that the affront will not be permitted to pass from sight without due and proper repentance on the part of your country. The unfortunate disaster to the *Maine* was, I fear, the chief reason of the present war; now comes another similar act, different in form, but identical in a certain spirit of lawlessness, against another nation. One could almost swear that the two acts were performed by the same hand."

"However, they were not."

The Prime Minister gave a swift downward stroke to his beard.

"Well, you appear to be more familiar with the details of both matters than I, señor," he said. "Are you about to proceed to Spain?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then, you should give them this hint over there: that what is called the British Lion will, and generally does, bear a large amount of horse-play with his tail—until he feels a twinge of pain. And then, he is very apt to get up, and pile roar on roar in a way that frightens everybody into a disinclination for any more play during a century or so."

"Well, I will do so, my lord. Personally, I find the roar of the lion exhilarating. I have hunted them in Somaliland with some little success: off my own camel, assisted by a French, an Italian, and a Russian fellow-huntsman, I have captured—four."

Once more the Prime Minister drew his hand swiftly down his beard, in a manner characteristic of him. He said:

"You were quite an international party, then. The secret of your success seems to me to lie in the fact that you were united, while the four lions probably did not fight together. The four, joined into one big lion, might have been able to make short work of that international big-game expedition, I fancy."

Appadacca rose.

"The title-deeds shall be in your hands within the time mentioned, my lord," he said.

"Well, then—good-day, señor."

They parted.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE TITLE-DEEDS.

IMMANUEL APPADACCA at once telegraphed to Cadiz:

"To Campos:

"Have you arrived? In any case send me word immediately on receiving this."

He received no answer that night. He was annoyed, but remained in London, in the confident assurance that the next morning he should receive news from Campos, whom he had ordered to Cadiz. The order, however, which he

had written with his own hand, was in the breast pocket of Dick P. Hocking.

So were the title-deeds of the frontier estate without which Appadacca would be made to seem either a simpleton, or an impostor, in the eyes of several people.

He had engaged a suite of apartments at the Hotel Métropole, though his stay was only timed to last a day. He would soon, he knew, be in pressing need for money in specie without the arrival of Campos. He rose early the next morning; there was not a word from Cadiz.

He sent at once a telegram to New York:

"Have you received my instructions and the title-deeds?"

He waited four, six hours. At last the reply came:

"No; thought there was something wrong. Await instructions."

Appadacca wired:

"Charter, if you can, swift craft for Cadiz, and bring all specie at your disposal."

Then, with knit brow, and set lips, he drove to Waterloo. The steam-pinnace of the *Huelva* awaited him at an agreed point of the Hard at Portsmouth.

About two o'clock in the morning he stepped on the upper deck of the *Huelva*, and at once disappeared below. The bows of the ship turned west, smoke poured from her funnels, and the early break of dawn found her stretching like a race-horse in the final heat at full speed across the Atlantic.

Appadacca whistled to her captain at about eight o'clock:

"What is the speed?"

"At the moment 31, your Excellency," he answered.

"How is the wind?"

"On our starboard bow, W. by N."

"I depend upon you, in any case, to arrive within the time I have prescribed," said Appadacca.

Now, quite five days previously, Dick P. Hocking had walked up Pennsylvania Avenue; for, after the cable-cutting, the *Huelva* had spent three days in fore-running the Spanish Squadron, and contriving its safe arrival at the protected port of Santiago de Cuba, a feat of strategy, which, had it been unassisted by the incalculable movements of such a ship as the *Huelva*, would have fully justified the exultation with which the news of the squadron's safe arrival was received in Madrid.

Hocking reached the shaded park, and entered the White House. He sent in a card marked "Urgent; ten minutes." One of the bamboo screens swung back to admit him, and he found himself in a scrupulously businesslike apartment in the presence of the President. There was a cordial hand-shaking; a massive chair uttered creaks of distress beneath Hocking's weight.

"I have not much time for palaver," said Dick P. Hocking. "Look here, I have had written out for you a description of the present position and so on of our fleet, and the reason why they haven't come aboard those Spaniards yet. The worst enemy America's got at the present moment is not any Spanish squadron, but one Spanish ship, President; and that, I guess, is what you will be finding before long, that is, if I don't come in somewhere. But what I've got to show you chiefly is this little piece of beastly joking—just you look at that."

Hocking slapped down the parchment title-deed of the Venezuela estate, and a translation of Appadacca's letter to Campos. Then there was silence for five minutes. The President's eye ran eagerly through the words.

"This means mischief, I calculate," he muttered.

"It meant," said Hocking. "It can't mean any more. That parchment is now in the pockets of the United States, and so is the piece of land it represents."

"It isn't, Dick P. Hocking!" replied McKinley. "Look here, don't you fancy that you are going to get us into any hot places more than we are in already. That parchment will come in handy later—it won't go rotten in your drawers, may be. Right now I beg to decline it with best thanks."

"Well, I am not saying that you don't know your business."

"No, you are too 'cute a man. Look you, Dick P. Hocking, we have got to be getting along slow speed and fog-screens piping these days in this country! The motto on the door-plate of these States has been—'Hands off, thanks, and let's go our own way in our own way!' And a sound motto it was. Now, all that is about over, I guess. We have got mixed somehow in the thick of the row, and the Almighty only knows what it'll run to. Here's a document, now: that's a note from the Italian Government, my son, protesting against the blockade of Cuba as insufficient."

"Protesting! Why?"

"International Law, Dick P. Hocking! It's a spell of international law now that we're in for, I guess, and the isolation's off, and every little effete Punch-and-Judy show of a state in Europe's beginning to criticise their betters because they see that we've been dipping our finger into their dirty little international-law pie. Well, and do you know what?"

"No."

"Then I'll tell you: the world's about in for a new era of things right now. There on the desk you see a telegram which gives me to know that an old man is lying at a place called Hawarden in the West of England just at his last gasp. That old man's name is Gladstone; and another way to spell Gladstone is P-e-a-c-e. When I say that one is at his last gasp, I just mean that the other is, too."

"Yet he retired long ago."

"Don't you believe that! There wasn't anywhere for him to retire to, you see, except under the pavement of Westminster Abbey. While he was above it, he was there just the same, I reckon, and everybody knew he was there, and everybody was afraid of his frown, and of what he would say if they went crooked any. Retired, no. He wasn't a snail, he was a force."

"And you think—?"

"I think that things look—bad. I reckon that France and Russia are building too many battleships; I think that none of those big, old nations are strong enough to keep up

their swaggering armies another five years; I reckon that England is the best hated nation on the face of the earth; and I reckon the States are in for the row, and have got to take sides whether she wants to or not."

"I can tell you one thing," said Hocking—"it will be a war of races."

"That's so."

"Saxon against Latin."

"Something not far off."

"We and England—"

"I reckon that's about the combination. If between us we aren't good enough to boss the world—"

"But—"

"Well?"

"Hasn't England everything to gain, and we nothing, by an alliance at this moment?"

"That's so. But there isn't going to be an alliance at this moment. The States wait. But when the day comes it isn't a matter of small advantage to one or the other that we shall consider, but the general good. Meanwhile, you can see why I tell you to keep your title-deeds in your portfolio. They would be exploding in mine."

The same night, toward morning, Hocking arrived at New York. His first care was to telegraph to the Manager of Cramp's Shipbuilding Works, Philadelphia, desiring a further immediate interview; his next was to ascertain the movements of Josef Campos during the last few days.

"Has he been realising largely?" he asked.

"Apparently not," said an agent.

"Has he chartered any ship?"

"I could dare bet no."

"Then he hasn't heard yet. Appadacca wants him badly, and will telegraph; the thing now is to keep him here a prisoner."

"How could that be managed?"

"We shall see. Here, parson, just come and help on this little conference."

What was certain was that Appadacca, from the instructions given in his letter to Campos, needed ready funds for the prosecution of his schemes. And during the next day several eyes kept sharp watch upon all the transactions of Campos.

Then came Appadacca's telegraphic summons. And the fact of its arrival was known to Dick P. Hocking with a certainty as absolute as though he had read it. The deals of Campos revealed all.

Campos sought next to obtain a ship. And there, with a shock of dismay, he found himself foiled. None of the trans-Atlantic boats sailed for two days; and his orders were imperative and urgent. He was instructed, moreover, to leave by a privately-chartered boat. But no boat could he find to charter.

After a day's scurry among the shipping agencies of New York and Brooklyn, a confidential clerk came to acquaint him with failure.

"There is some mystery in it, you may be certain," said the clerk.

"A plot of Hocking's?"

"That, and nothing less."

"We shall obtain a ship at Newport."

"If all the disposable ships at Newport have not been got at in the same manner."

"Then at Boston or Baltimore."

"Would it not be better to telegraph your dilemma to His Excellency? Boston, I firmly believe, and Baltimore, too, will offer us nothing."

And with this suggestion Campos at once fell in. He telegraphed to Appadacca at London. He got no reply.

Appadacca was on his way in the *Huelva*. His powers of divination had led him to suspect that, supposing his letter, and the title-deeds, had reached the hands of Hocking, Hocking would adopt the very ruse which he did, in fact, adopt with respect to Campos. Hence, in the act of telegraphing for Campos, he felt fairly certain that Campos would not come. He was ignorant that the ship captured by the *Huelva* in the Mona Straits was the *Union*, or that Hocking was on board of her; but he had a suspicion amounting to certainty that documents so important to himself, once misappropriated, could hardly fail to reach the hands of Dick P. Hocking.

During some days the brows of Josef Campos were a continual wrinkle of vexation. The whole man grided with suppressed rage.

At last he lost restraint. He went to Hocking's office. Hocking was not there. He went to Fifth Avenue. Hocking was not there.

"Where is your master?" he asked of a footman.

"He is at Bellevue for some days," said the man.

Bellevue was one of Hocking's country seats, halfway between New Haven and Providence; a very lonely pile, overlooking a stretch of sea, and standing in its own wide parks.

"I am going at once to Mr. Hocking's seat of Bellevue," said Campos to his head clerk. "In two hours I shall return. Meantime, if there is sudden news from His Excellency, you will not fail to follow me."

He took train, and in an hour was at Bellevue. Dick P. Hocking had just ended a conference of three: consisting of himself, an agent from Crump of Philadelphia, and an agent from the Union Works of San Francisco. By this time he was something of an authority on the technicalities of torpedo-boat and torpedo-destroyer building.

"Show Mr. Campos right in," he said to the man who made the announcement.

And while Campos was coming, he blew through a whistle communicating with the Rev. Petersen's apartments; and even as Campos appeared, he was whispering into Petersen's ear:

"I don't know that it will be necessary; but it may. I'll see. If it is, I'll whistle twice, and you'll know what to do."

"Sit down, señor—sit down," he added, and Petersen went away. The brew of Campos was finished with anger.

"Why this unlawful persecution, Mr. Hocking?" he said.

"The weather is beginning to warm up at last, señor! Which unlawful persecution do you refer to?"

"There is no necessity to beat about the bush, Mr. Hocking. What you have done I know well. I come to inquire into your motive, that is all. Why do you seek to prevent me from leaving this country?"

"Well, now, that's talking straight out, and I like a man who talks straight out. I'll tell you: I have happened to tumble on the fact that your master, Appadacca, or whatever he is to you, is making for some queer mischief, in which he can't very well get along just now without you. So I keep you."

"I see. Mischief which concerns you personally?"

"No, no. Not particularly me. But when a man gets to my age and weight, he begins to think of other things beside his own five-cent affairs. Appadacca isn't going to get along anyhow with Dick P. Hocking pulling the other way."

"But you speak precisely like a simpleton!" cried Campos in surprise. "You might as well try to check the momentum of Niagara, as seek to balk the purposes of the man against whom you are absurdly ranging yourself! He is a gentleman—a prince. I tell you, for I know."

Dick P. Hocking's abdomen dandled upward in a laugh.

"Don't be frightening me now, señor," he said, "if I faint in your arms, you'll be giving way under the strain, I reckon."

"But it is ridiculous!" cried Campos in a high pitch of voice. "You are merely wasting good money in keeping me here. You merely retain me for a day or two—you might guess that. The *Huelva* is now on her way to America to fetch me!"

"She'll have her bottom knocked out if she comes anywhere across New York Harbour, señor!"

"If, perhaps."

"But you are sure she's coming, eh?"

"Practically. A telegram of mine to His Excellency having remained unanswered."

"Oh, very good. But when she comes, I'm darned if she finds you!"

"I do not follow you."

"I am going to ask you to be my guest for the next three days or so. I promise you that you will find Bellevue a more hospitable place of residence than I found the *Huelva*."

"You mean that you will keep me here by force?"

"That's what it comes to, I reckon; as your head man kept me. All's fair in war, for that matter."

Hocking rose and blew twice through the telephone whistle.

"However, you will bitterly regret this, you ruffian!" cried Campos.

"I don't say it's impossible, señor. But look you, I will act above board to you; you shall know at least that I have an honest motive in this affair. Just cast a glance at that."

As he spoke, he had opened a cabinet, taken out the title-deeds of the Venezuela estate, and Appadacca's letter to Campos, which was attached to the deed with an elastic string. He handed the letter to Campos.

"Now tell me if you call that a right piece of business," said Hocking.

Campos read the letter.

"But how—how in the name of Heaven—did you obtain this?"

"Well, you see, your master was sending it to you in my own ship, which he had seized with his beastly *Huelva*; I simply got back my ship by killing the crew he sent aboard. Both ships are mine, if it comes to that. And the land's mine, too, you may bet. But he can keep his beastly *Huelva* till I'm ready to deal with her."

"Thank you. You have made much clear to me. And I am your prisoner, you say—for how long?"

"Call it prisoner, if you see fit. Guest is what it is. And for as long as you choose. Four or five days, anyway. Till that time I guess you don't find many open exits from this house. If you'll follow me, I'll point out your lodging for that time, and if you've a conscience, as you have, no doubt, I guess you won't be saying that I'm exceeding what a man should do in the case."

"But, in Heaven's name, what right—"

"Oh, right enough, right enough. War'll come—it's coming faster than any of you think, and plenty of it, and loud. Only Appadacca shan't make it come any quicker than it wants to, if what Dick P. Hocking says goes any."

He rose, nodded his head, made a motion, and stepped forward. Campos glanced rapidly round the room, and, smiling, followed.

Campos was conducted to a third floor. He was ushered into a complete suite of five rooms, luxuriously furnished. One of them looked by three windows over a sloping lawn at the back of this house, the lawn plunging steeply twenty yards away into a large-treed park.

At about midnight, when the house was absolutely quiet, Campos went from room to room, searching in the drawers of the looking-glasses, and the ornaments of the dressing-table for pins. He found a few.

From the top of a sofa he took a bright-yellow Japanese cloth. In his pocket was a dark-red handkerchief, which, in shadow, had quite the look of black. With the pins he had found, he pinned the handkerchief in the central space of the saffron cloth. He had now a flag which bore the *Huelva* colours.

The night was very still. He opened a window, and there was hardly a breath. To the inner and upper framing of the window he attached the cloth by means of his last three pins, leaving it to hang; and immediately behind it he moved a table, on which he placed a lamp. The jalousies he left open. As seen from the garden, the light made quite luminous the colour-contrast between the dark red and the light yellow.

Campos sat near the window. The time passed. At half-past twelve he began to nod. At one he rose, pacing restlessly. At half-past one he was fast asleep. Near two he heard something resembling a whistle.

He looked out cautiously. There was a man below, looking up.

The night was dark, but not too dark for Campos to recognise the general form of the person below him. It was not an enemy—it was a friend: his clerk, Francisco. Campos lifted the lamp, and showed his own face in clear light.

Francisco talked. Campos could not hear.

"A little louder," he said in a strong whisper.

Francisco could not hear.

"I do not hear you," he said in a strong whisper—"the *Huelva* has arrived."

"It is impossible to hear," said Campos.

"What do you say?" whispered Francisco.

Campos took down the cloth, unpinned the handkerchief, took from his pocket a penknife, and began cutting both cloth and handkerchief into very thin strips. He held up the lamp to show Francisco what he was doing. When he had obtained about forty strips, he tied them together, and he lowered the string with the words scribbled on the leaf of a note-book:

"I am a prisoner."

After a few minutes, the string was tugged. He drew it up. It was tied round two leaves of telegrams, and a note from Francisco.

The telegrams were from Appadacca.

Francisco said:

"I received telegram summoning you to join *Huelva* at Halifax. (See telegram.) Wired that you were probably a prisoner, and where, and reasons why you were there. Received telegram ordering me to convey to you instructions at all costs to secure title-deeds to land. This urgently wanted. You to be rescued to-morrow night. (See telegram.) Let me know if you will be able to secure title-deeds."

And Campos, having carefully read the note and the telegrams, pondered for a minute. Then he wrote on a leaf:

"To your question—yes."

And this he lowered.

(To be continued.)

## How to Make a Bed.

EVERYONE knows the famous tale of the princess who could not sleep because under her many mattresses a pea was lodged. In reality the ancient royalties were just as fussy, to judge from the strange rules of etiquette which surrounded the most trivial objects.

The following is a true account of the way His Majesty Henry VII. had his Royal bed made. It is taken from an old manuscript, and it is certainly amusing:

"The curtains must be drawn, and a gentleman usher must hold the curtains together; then must two squires of the body stand at the bed's head, and two yeomen of the Crown at the bed's feet, and all the stuff laid safe at the bed's feet on a carpet till the contents of the palliases were remade."

"Then a yeoman to leap upon the bed, and roll him up and down, and array the litter; then to lay down the canvas again, then the feather bed, and beat it well, and make it even and smooth. Then take the fustian (under blanket), and cast it upon the bed without any wrinkles, and the sheet in the same wise."

The sheet is now stroked smooth, tucked under the feather bed, and over it is laid "t'other stuff," that is to say, the upper sheet, blankets, and fustian, and the covering of marten's fur and ermine.

A sheet of Rennes was laid on the spot destined for the pillows, and a large rug of ermine was placed over the bed, and the bedclothes were brought up to the edge of the pillow and neatly turned down.

Finally "a yeoman was required to beat the pillows and throw them up to the squires to lay them on the bed head, as pleaseth the king's grace."

No wonder that squires, gentlemen and yeomen retired after these efforts and, as the chronicler assures us, had a good drink.

"DON'T you speak to Mrs. Brown any more?"

"No, indeed. I've found her out at last."

"What's the matter?"

"Her talk about pedals and handlebars was all put on. She hasn't got a bicycle at all."

THE Mid-Glamorgan Herald says:

## "DAN LENO'S COMIC JOURNAL"

is distinctly good, and its novelty of printing and fresh fun given to the reader must knock spots off some of those other wearisomely funny and dauby prints."

Order it with your "P.W."

## THE BIG BUDGET (Penny Every Thursday)

begs to announce a Splendid Summer Crop of Jokes, all Warranted Best English Make; also

A WEEK'S GOOD READING.

The B.B. is already famous for its Remarkable Serial Stories.

Order it with your "P.W."

### He is at Large Again.

AT length the man who was always reminded of a little story fell into the hands of the brigands. "It serves him right," the world said, giving a loud sigh of relief. So they put him in a cave a mile underground, and a hundred brigands slept about him every night. Just as they had begun to keep him imprisoned for thirty long years, for nobody would ever ransom him, the man was reminded of another little story, and in less than an hour he had bored his way out. If his friends had heard of it, they would have shuddered, only he didn't have any friends.

### If She Should Die.

SHE was in the first blush of the honeymoon's happiness. He was there with her, but he was a man, and it didn't stick out all over him so. He was heartless, too, and she was sentimental. They were dining out, and the conversation turned on untimely deaths. "Ferdinand," said she, lovingly, across the golden caryatid columns, "Ferdinand, dear, if I were to die, what would you do?" He was just putting a piece of roast beef into his mouth, and he chewed on in silence. Then, with the brutality of a man bent on his dinner, he said: "I'd send for the undertaker." And he doesn't know yet why she wouldn't kiss him good-night.

### Too Much Nerve Already.

HE walked into a newspaper office confidently and took a seat. "Are you the manager?" he asked briskly. "What can I do for you?" replied the newspaper man, in a non-committal tone. "I'm a patent medicine manufacturer. Your paper has a pretty wide circulation, has it not?" "Wide!" The newspaper man swung round in his chair. "Wide! I should say so. We have a circulation greater by two to one than any other in the country—a sworn circulation, sir, of 100,000 copies daily, and it's a paid circulation, too, and we reach the families, sir. Our paper is read by 200,000 persons daily, and when you consider that our advertising rates are—well, they are so low that we are going to advance them fifty per cent. after the first of next month, I don't exaggerate in the least, sir, when I say that we offer positively the best advertising medium in the United Kingdom. Why, you can see for yourself what the results must be from an ad. placed before 3,500,000 people every week, and—where are you going?" "Oh, round the town a little," replied the stranger, putting on his hat. "The article I make is a nerve medicine, and I came to sell you a bottle, but I can see you don't want any."

MABEL: "I'm getting a new tooth in my mouth." Ruth: "Oh, that's nothing. My papa's a dentist and I can have all the new teeth I want."

"BEFORE we were married I used to see a golden halo round my sweetheart's head." "Don't you see it now?" "No; it looks just like any other girl's frizzy red hair."

"HERE," said Benny's papa, showing the little fellow a coin, "is a penny three hundred years old. It was given to me when I was a little boy." "Great Scott," ejaculated Benny; "just think of anyone being able to keep a penny as long as that without spending it."

SHE: "I received this paper from you this morning. What does it mean?" Manager: "It means, madam, that you have overdrawn your account. You owe us £10 7s. 8d." She: "You mean, horrid thing, it's not true. Why, I never borrowed a farthing from you in my life."

"WHAT are ye readin' about?" asked Farmer Giles. "I've just got to the chapter," replied his wife, "where two young men of bygone days determined to go out an' settle for good an' all, which was the best fencer."

"Well, that shows some sense. If the young men nowadays get up contests like that, we'd not only have less loafin', but better fences."

"ARE you the society editor?" asked the large lady, who seemed to fill the room. "No, madam," said the one addressed. "I am only the court reporter." "Really? I am surprised. But perhaps you will do. Your paper said in its account of the affair at my house that floral decorations 'lent beauty to the scene.' I wish you would have your paper state that the floral beauty was not lent. Everything was paid for."

## OVERHEARD IN THE SCORE-BOX.

W. G. GRACE, in 1895, scored 1,000 runs in first-class cricket before the end of May.

MOLD, the Lancashire professional, bowled Lohmann at the Oval on August 20th, 1896, with a ball which sent the bail 63yd. 6in. This is the record.

W. G. GRACE, the ever-green champion, attains his jubilee on 18th July next—appropriately enough the first day of the Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's.

MR. C. E. M. WILSON, the captain of the Cambridge University Cricket Club, is ambidextrous, and in the match at the Oval in 1895 between the University and Surrey, he bowled alternately with the right and left hand.

No fewer than six matches in first-class cricket have resulted in a tie. Curiously enough, Surrey took part in no fewer than five of these games, the remaining one being Gentlemen v. Players, and all the six were played at the Oval.

In a match played at Canterbury in 1871 Mr. Edward Banks, in cutting at a ball, brought his bat down on the top of the off stump. He was not out, however, as the force of his blow drove the bail into the top of the stump, where it remained firmly wedged in.

DR. W. G. GRACE's highest aggregate in first-class cricket is 2,739 in 1871. Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji scored 2,780 runs in 1896, and now holds the record. In the respective years of their highest aggregates these two batsmen scored ten three-figure innings each.

THE following is the evolution of the wicket:

1700—Two stumps, 1ft. high, 2ft. wide.  
1775—Three stumps, one bail, 22in. by 6in.  
1798—Three stumps, one bail, 24in. by 7in.  
1816—Three stumps, one bail, 26in. by 7in.  
1817—Three stumps, two bails, 27in. by 8in.

A MATCH at Sleaford on August 20th, 1892, was the scene of a remarkable record. Mr. Aitken clean bowled three visiting batsmen with successive bowls, and each time he broke a stump. More remarkable still, he took the stumps in order, severing first the leg, then the middle, and, with his third ball, the off "peg."

GEORGE BROWN, born in Surrey in 1783, is supposed to have been the fastest underhand bowler that ever played. At Lord's a man once tried to stop the ball with his coat, but Brown bowled through it and killed a dog on the other side! It is not surprising after this to hear that two long-stops were required when Brown went on.

To the island of Samoa one must go for the essence of enthusiasm for our national game. The natives have taken up the game with a keenness which seriously interferes with the duties and more serious affairs of life. It is no uncommon thing for a match to be played between teams of seventy aside, the game lasting a fortnight or more.

MR. V. E. WALKER captured all ten wickets in first-class matches three times. The occasions were: for England v. Surrey, 21st July, 1859, for 74 runs; for Gentlemen of Middlesex v. Gentlemen of Kent, 16th June, 1864, for 37 runs; for Middlesex v. Lancashire, 22nd July, 1865, for 104 runs. No other bowler has accomplished the feat more than once.

MR. C. I. THORNTON is probably the greatest hitter England has produced. In a match at Scarborough in which he took part, no fewer than four different balls were used in one over. Three were hit out of the ground with the first three balls of the over. On another occasion, on the Merchant Taylors' ground, seven balls were used during Mr. Thornton's innings.

THE highest total ever obtained in any match is 1,094 by Melbourne University, playing against Essendon, on March 5th, 12th, 19th, and 23rd last. The University won by 1,018 runs! The record which was surpassed in this match was the 922 scored by the Carlton C.C., and, curiously enough, the fielding side on that occasion was Melbourne University!

THE greatest number of people that ever paid for admission at a cricket match in England was 63,763 on the occasion of the Surrey v. Notts match at the Oval in August, 1892. On the first day there were present 30,760, on the second 29,370, and on the last 3,633. These numbers cannot, of course, compare with the crowds which have assembled to see great Association football contests.

GEORGE BONNER, the mighty Australian, had no lack of confidence in his prowess on the cricket field. Whilst journeying to England with the 1882 Australian Eleven, he asserted that he could throw the cricket ball a distance of 120 yards. A fellow-passenger doubted whether he could pitch it 115 yards. Bonner offered to do it in one throw after landing, and £100 was wagered on the result. Disembarking at Plymouth the Australian, out of practice as he was, at his first attempt threw over 119 yards.

IF YOU HAVE anything you want to sell, or if there is any thing you want cheap, try a sixpenny advertisement in "Our Bargain Counter" in the ATHLETIC RECORD.

### A Fellow-Feeling.

THE other day a lady was driving her husband down a narrow country lane, when, on suddenly turning a sharp corner, they encountered a brewer's van. There was no room to pass, and the lady said, very tartly: "You must go back, for I shall not. You ought to have seen us before entering the lane." "But, my dear," remonstrated her husband mildly, "the man couldn't see round the corner." "I don't care," was the characteristic reply. "I'll sit here till Doomsday before I give way to that man." The carter, who had overheard the colloquy, here remarked cheerfully: "All right, guv'nor, I'll back out of this," adding confidentially, "I've got such another at home."

### Wasted.

A LAD in one of the London Board schools was found guilty of a serious infraction of discipline, and was directed by his teacher to tell his mother when he got home what misdemeanour he had committed. The next morning the schoolmistress called Johnnie to her desk, when the following dialogue ensued: "Well, Master Johnnie, did you inform your mother what refraction of discipline you were guilty of yesterday, and the reprimand and punishment you received?" "Yes'm," was the sententious reply. "Well, and what did your mother say?" "She said she'd like to wring your neck for you. No more discipline reports were sent home to that mother."

### Give a Dog a Bad Name.

MR. WILLIAM SMITH is noted for his jollity, and also for keeping late hours. As a rule he gets home about two o'clock in the morning. One evening, however, in a fit of repentance, Mr. Smith decided to go home early, and gladden the heart of his lonely wife. Accordingly he presented himself at the door of his residence soon after 11 p.m., and gave a bold double knock. To his wife's question of "Who's there?" he confidently replied: "William." "Now look here," cried Mrs. S. indignantly, "none of that. My man William won't be home for three hours at least, and if you don't clear out at once, I'll call the police." And William heard the grating of the key in the lock, and the rattle of the chain, and meekly concluded that reforming was not in his line.

"HE proposed to her on a post-card."

"How absurd!"

"Of course; but what made the Post Office clerks angry was, that she replied by letter, and now they don't know whether she accepted him or not."

DOCTOR: "I wish you would tell those deaf mutes to stop talking? The noise disturbs me." Attendant: "Why, how can they make a noise when they talk with their fingers?" Doctor: "Well, don't actions speak louder than words."

SERVANT (about to leave): "Might I ask you for a character to help me get another place?"

Mistress: "But, Mary, what could I truthfully say to help you to get another place?"

Servant: "That I know many of your family secrets, if you please."

SHE: "You say I am the first girl you ever made love to, but your manner indicates that you have had experience."

He: "Please explain how you know that."

After he had gone she was almost tempted to stab herself with her hatpin.

"Yes," said the man who had been looking at some apartments in the big building, "it's very nice, but I don't think I will take the suite."

"What's the matter?" inquired the house-agent.

"I observe by your printed rules that you don't keep the lift running all night. And I must say I don't like the idea of walking up and down five or six flights of stairs every time my wife wants to know whether a burglar is trying to get into the cellar."

A TROPIC IDYLETTE.—"Take heart!"

The fair young wife gazed lovingly, trustfully into the face of her spouse.

"Take heart!" she said.

But he pushed her aside, frowning heavily. "Do you mean to say," he thundered, "that those people you had to lunch finished up the whole captive, all but the giblets?"

Afar on the dusky tropic strand, the little turtles cooed sobbingly to one another.

## A Generous Supply.

"It isn't always safe to base your estimate of value on size or quantity," says a well-known physician. "I was convinced of that when I was resident physician at one of the largest hospitals in London, and was younger than I am now. On one occasion the senior attending physician came to me and said that he wished I would secure a certain drug which he explained was being used with remarkable success in some of the principal hospitals on the Continent. I asked him how much I should get, as it was something I had never heard of before.

"Oh, just get a little. It's very powerful; an ounce or two would be enough, I should think."

"Well, I wrote to a wholesale firm and gave an order for an ounce. A couple of days afterwards the firm sent me word that there wasn't as much as an ounce of the drug in the whole of Great Britain, so I told him to get me all he could.

"During the course of the week he sent me three or four drams. The stuff had a name in inverse ratio to the quantity, a half-dozen chemical phrases linked together with hyphens, but in direct ratio to its strength. I remember the little vial cost £5, and when I came to investigate I found that a dose was such a small fraction of a grain that I had just 6,000 doses on hand.

"That bottle stared me in the face as long as I remained at the hospital until it came to be a veritable nightmare. When I left I think there were 5,986 doses on hand, and I shouldn't wonder if that supply is sufficient to last through the next century."

## Concerning Destroyers.

As Mr. Bildad of New York wiped his mouth with his napkin and pushed back his chair from the supper table he sighed a sigh of contentment.

"Mrs. Bildad, I see that the Spanish torpedo flotilla has arrived on our side of the water. That means we must dispatch our torpedo-boat destroyers against them."

"Now, what on earth is a torpedo-boat destroyer, Mr. Bildad?"

"A torpedo-boat destroyer, my dear, is a destroyer of torpedo-boats. It seems to me that anyone with a grain of sense would know that much."

Mrs. Bildad may have been hurt by this remark, but if she was she kept the fact concealed. She dropped another lump of sugar into her cup, and remarked:

"I suppose, then, that when we send our torpedo-boat destroyers out, Spain will send her destroyer of torpedo-boat destroyers, which will call out our destroyer of destroyers of torpedo-boat destroyers. If this does not settle it, and Spain sends out her destroyers of destroyers of torpedo-boat destroyers, all we can do is to send out our destroyers of the destroyers that are to destroy the destroyers of torpedo-boat destroyers, and if we—"

Then she had to ply Mr. Bildad with brandy to bring him round.

But Mr. Bildad kicked the cat across the room, seized his hat and rushed out of the door, failing to give the wife of his bosom the customary good-bye kiss.

"That's just like a man," mused Mrs. Bildad. "They cavil at us women for not knowing all about public affairs, and when we show that we are well-read they get angry."

Then Mrs. Bildad proceeded to gather up the supper dishes.

## Latch-keys for Women.

LATCH-KEYS have ceased to be a male perquisite since the old-fashioned spinster has been replaced by the bachelor maid. The bachelor girl is nothing if not determined, and so she has adopted one of the last remaining articles that a man could call his own.

When the key came the pocket had to come with it, of course, and now it is cut in the back of the dress-skirt very near the belt line, and with a bit of flap over it to conceal the fact that a coat tail is missing.

And thus it is that the freed woman goes on her way, conscious that she may at least enter her own doors at all sorts of coveted and fascinating hours without arousing everyone, from the butler to the aged grandparent who "disapproves."

When the pocket came the key-chain had to follow in its wake, and, behold, from a button proudly sewn to the tailor girl's "wee-ki," hangs the jeweller's device, for she has not been emancipated long enough to leave off sterling silver and take to plain nickel plate.

When the bachelor girl went into business she was forced into some of the needs of a man, and some of his patented rights had to come to her, and so there came the key-ring in the train of the key and chain, and there was another chance for the smithy to turn out pieces of artistic workmanship.

They are oftener heart-shaped wires of silver, solid and wide. So it seems that woman never gets so "new" that she cannot carry hearts about.

Other designs are serpents, and over the spring-set tails go the door-key, the letter-box key, the escrow key, and all the rest of the lot that used to be always "among the missing."

## The Most Wonderful Craze of the Day.

Turns its votaries into thieves, and ends by begging them.

TOWARDS the close of the last century a clergyman, the Rev. James Granger, conceived the idea of enlarging books by the insertion of pictures illustrating the text.

It was an exclusive taste demanding not only some knowledge of literature, but also considerable means.

Yet, although Dr. Granger practised his hobby with the greatest zest till the day of his death, the pursuit, amusement, call it what you will, failed to attract much attention till recent years. When the increasing wealth of Great Britain brought into existence a rich and leisured class, it gradually dawned on people with no occupation and plenty of money, that Grangerising provided them with a capital way of employing their spare time.

This is something like the way the disease—the enthusiasts call it enchanting pursuit—works.

The first symptoms are mild. The victim selects some work on travel, history, or well known celebrity, and after mastering the contents, hunts about for pictures and prints of all places, persons, and objects mentioned therein, till he has at least one of each.

This done, the pictures are placed in order, with the letterpress, as a rule, pasted round the margin of the pictures, and the whole bound together.

Here is a typical case, one of hundreds, showing to what excess the hobby may be carried. A Grangeriser of many years standing determined to tackle Shakespeare.

Although he soon discovered that the talents of the engraver had been more exercised over Shakespeare than any other writer who ever lived, he was not deterred. He did not even quail when it dawned on him that even with 20,000 pictures the work would be far from complete. Should he relinquish the effort? No; he would devote his whole life to the task.

This was some years ago, and although it is far from finished, for all the trouble he has spent, the fire of his resolution burns as brightly as ever.

Every morning punctually at 8.30 a.m. he enters the shop of some print seller, and seats himself with a few other cranks to keep him company opposite the portfolio of prints placed before him.

At one o'clock he may be seen munching a biscuit or sandwich, but, as a rule, he seldom leaves the shop till it closes, when he hurries home to gloat over his newly-acquired treasures, which, it is needless to say, have cost him a good deal more than they would a non-Grangeriser.

As soon as he has discovered that many of the engravings he is after are only to be found in the books they illustrate, he will join the ranks of the "Book Devastators." He will buy and give a good price for any pictures he wants; failing this he will steal them.

His wife tells me that he has already rifled, without the slightest compunction, over twenty priceless works for the sake of the illustrations, and that he is quite as ruthless as his brother, another Grangeriser, who two years ago nearly fell into the hands of the French police for bribing poor people to procure—steal—him certain pictures.

Grangerisers who steal, are, of course, the exception, still, as showing how completely some people surrender themselves to the pursuit, it may be stated that the conscience of a Book Rifter soon wears out.

"The rarer the work," said a librarian to P.W. recently, "the more likely is it to fall a prey to the spoiler. All is fish that comes to their net. So many thousands of valuable works in the British Museum have been robbed of plates, that I don't hesitate to say that Grangerisers are the curse of public libraries."

Dealers must, however, bless the memory of Dr. Granger. One I know told P.W. that fortunately for the trade artistic merit does not enter into the calculations of his customers.

"If a Grangeriser were offered," he says, "200 bad pictures and 150 good ones suitable for the book being illustrated, the bad would be chosen."

Another print-seller relates how one of his customers, after spending some £10,000 in the purchase of 20,000 prints for the expansion of Bourger's Bible, is now purchasing illustrated Bibles. He thinks nothing of butchering a really sumptuous edition for the sake of a couple of pictures.

Lady Grangerisers exist, but they soon tire of so expensive a hobby. I recently met a couple whilst in pursuit of material for this article. After spending an entire day in wading through pictures for a proposed enlargement of Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War," they selected twenty-four prints.

When told that the price was £40 they nearly fainted. "£30," cried one indignantly, "for these rubbishy little things, old and dirty, too, many of them. I shouldn't think of giving you more than 30s."

He: "Did you read about the woman who married one man thinking he was another?"

She: "Don't get excited over that. Lots of women do the same thing every day in the week."

He: "I wish you would have another photograph taken for me—on sandpaper."

She: "What on earth do you mean?"

He: "Why, it would seem so much like you with your veil on—when I kiss you."

WIFE: "There is no doubt about it, marriage does improve a man's politeness."

Husband: "How so?"

"Well, you frequently get up and offer me your chair now. Before we were married you always wanted to keep half."

WIDOW (weeping): "Yes, poor Tom met with a terrible death. He fell from the fifth-storey window and was instantly killed."

Friend (sympathisingly): "Dear, dear! Is it possible it was as bad as that? Why, I understood he only fell from the fourth-storey window."

"I NOTICED in those lines you wrote in Miss Skimp's album that you said a 'Smile sailed o'er her face serene.'"

"Well, what of it?"

"It was easy navigation, that's all."

"Easy navigation?"

"Yes, plain sailing."

SHE was not much more than two years old, and she was having, for the first time, a meal with the grown-up people. It was a great occasion, and she was consequently much elated.

She sat up in her high chair with a knife and fork and napkin in front of her just like the rest of the people.

But what was mamma's surprise to see her little daughter, after examining carefully the table utensils, take up her fork and throw it across the table, her face all wrinkled up, and the tears in her eyes, as she cried:

"I don't want a 'poon wiv slits in it."

## "Pearson's Weekly" Railway and Cycling Insurance.

474 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID  
(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2000—not for one only.

**£2000** Specially Guaranteed

BY THE  
**OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED.**

40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

**INSURANCE TICKET**, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

**TWO THOUSAND POUNDS**

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the front page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of Pearson's Weekly may decide to be Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death, in either case, occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can receive more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same accident.

W.E.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription to PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, and not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the CYCLING INSURANCE, has been paid up to June 30th, 1899, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, and against Fatal Cycling Accident, under the conditions named in the notice above.

General  
Manager for  
the Ocean  
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Ltd.

*Richd. S. Faull*

"In the Land of the Mermaids," in the June PEARSON'S, tells of many ingenious schemes devised for recovering treasure lost at sea.

MAC

## HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

**When Making Red Currant or Raspberry Jelly,** do not boil it very long, or the colour will be spoiled.

**A Scullery Sink Hint.** Hang a small brush near the washing-up sink. With this brush all jug-handles, tea-cups, and china with an uneven surface. Nothing looks worse, in an otherwise well-kept house, than dirty handles!

**Almond Paste is Made thus:** Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, grind and pound very finely one pound of best almonds, and add to this one pound of caster sugar. Mix well. Lay the paste over the cake, and let it dry in a very slow oven.

**When the Hair has Become Darker** as you describe, it would be unwise to attempt to restore it to its original colour. When washing the hair you might add a little borax to the water. I strongly disapprove of all kinds of hair dyes for more reasons than I care to mention here. (Reply to M. S.)

**To Make Sauce Piquante,** proceed as follows: Beat to a cream, a small lump of butter; sprinkle into this, stirring evenly, a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley and chives; add sufficient tarragon vinegar to suit the taste, and serve with grilled chops, steaks, or fish. The quantity of butter is determined by the amount of sauce desired, and, as a rule, cooks are apt to make more than is required. (Reply to CHEF.)

**A Simple Tonic** that prepares and strengthens the stomach for its coming work and abuse is a glass of cold water taken upon rising in the morning. Those who take an early cup of tea on waking should exchange it for the water, and they will be surprised at the value of this pure remedy of Nature's own, after a week's trial. It is well for those of weak digestions to begin with hot water, gradually lowering the temperature till cold water is used. If this simple habit is carefully persevered in, it is amazing how robust and able it makes one feel.

**Make your Strawberry Ice Cream** as follows, and I feel sure you will be satisfied with the result. Put into a basin two ounces of red currants, and one pound of strawberries, carefully picked, the juice of an orange, and a little of its zest rubbed on to sugar, a tablespoonful of good brandy, and six ounces of caster sugar. Mix all together and pass through a hair sieve. Then whisk a pint of cream with four ounces of caster sugar for about five minutes, add it to the strawberry purée, mix well and pass the whole through a tammy. Prepare the ice machine, pour the mixture into the freezer and freeze till quite stiff. Serve as it is heaped on a napkin, and hand some wafers at the same time. (Reply to MANCHESTER READER.)

**Preserve Eggs** at once from this recipe and they will keep perfectly all through the winter. I generally put mine away in March and use them all the winter months for every kind of cookery. To every gallon of water add one pound of quicklime; pour the water when boiling on the quicklime and let it stand for twenty-four hours. Procure a wide-mouthed brown earthenware pan, well glazed inside and large enough to hold about a hundred eggs. Place the eggs carefully in the jar, discarding all those that have thin shells or are in the least cracked. Pour in the lime water, cover over the vessel with a slate, stand it in a cellar but not on the floor. I always add a little salt to each jarful of eggs to prevent the water from freezing, and of course, the lime must completely cover the eggs. (Reply to W. STERNBERG.)

## THE WORLD OF DRESS.

Edited by Mrs. ARIA.

Published by C. Arthur Pearson Limited.

Monthly, 1s.; Subscription, 12s. a year, post free.

The World of Dress will contain the Latest Fashion News in Paris, Vienna, New York, and London. Theatrical Dress in those cities will be largely dealt with, for it is on the stage that the changes of Fashion are first noted. A special feature each month will be an Interview with a Leading Costumier in one of those cities, who will specially design for The World of Dress one of the Coloured Plates which will be presented with each copy every month.

READY ON THE 1ST OF EVERY MONTH.

**To Parboil** means to put anything into cold water, to bring it to boiling point, and then to strain the water away.

**Raw Potatoes that are to be Fried,** whether in cubes or ribbons, should be soaked in cold water and wiped dry with a cloth before cooking.

**To Recover Sour Beer,** add to it some oyster shells, calcined to whiteness, or place in it a little fine chalk. Either of these powders will correct the acidity, and make it brisk, but the beer will not keep long afterwards.

**Veal** should always be thoroughly cooked whether roasted or boiled, as like all the flesh of young animals it is unwholesome unless quite cooked. Allow twenty minutes to each pound, and an extra twenty minutes for each six pounds. The custom of serving fresh mint sauce with roast veal is growing, and it is much to be recommended as it assists digestion.

**When Putting away Furs** use rags dipped into paraffin, and laid between thick papers. Arrange the furs in a box or drawer lined with sheets of newspaper, with these papers between, and a thick linen cloth tucked tightly over the top. This I find effectually prevents moth attacking the fur. (Reply to M. D. L.)

**This Pantry Soap** is useful for those who do not wish to have the usual weekly cleaning of silver. Boil together one pint of water, half a pound of good yellow soap, and two pounds and a half of prepared whiting. Let all boil together for half-an-hour, and stir till the mixture becomes a thick paste; then put into jars for use. When washing the silver, use this mixture applied with a flannel, instead of ordinary soap.

**Paris Buns.** Ingredients: half a pound of flour, one egg, half an ounce of candied peel, two ounces of sugar, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Rub all the ingredients together except the carbonate of soda, which dissolve in the milk. Make all into a light batter, place on a greased tin with two forks, and ornament each bun with strips of candied peel. Brush over with milk, sift sugar over, and bake in a sharp oven. (Reply to DODO.)

**Picnic Patties.** Take some cold salmon, and mix it with half its weight of mashed potato. Moisten this with good white sauce, seasoned with pepper, salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, and a few mixed capers. Chop the hard-boiled yolk of an egg, and add it to the other ingredients. Mix all together. Line some patty-pans with short crust, fill with the salmon mixture, and cover with pastry. Ornament the edges with any design, and bake in a quick oven till the pastry is done.

**To Render Fat** cut off any cooked joint proceeded as follows. Cut the fat in small pieces, put into an old iron pan, cover with cold water. Let this boil, with a lid on the pot, till all the water has evaporated and the pieces of fat are dry and brown. Stir often. Let cool a little, and strain off in a basin of tepid water. When cold, scrape all impurities from the bottom of the cake of fat and pour away the water. Let the fat melt again in a basin on the stove and repeat the scraping. (Reply to CORRESPONDENT.)

**Cow-heel** makes a very nourishing dish, and one that should be more often seen. The cost of a cow-heel, of course, varies, but one can generally be bought for about sixpence, and then is generally partly cooked. Place a cow-heel in nearly two quarts of water, add an onion, carrot, and a bouquet of herbs, and simmer it till perfectly tender. Strain some of the liquor, take off the fat, and convert it into parsley sauce. Pour this over the joint, and garnish with rashers of fried bacon. The rest of the liquor will make excellent soup. If cow-heel is required for an invalid do not cook it with vegetables, but just season with pepper and salt.

**Never Heat Dinner Plates in the Oven,** but on the rack over the stove provided for this very purpose. If you do this you will no longer complain of the spoiled appearance of your dinner ware. The sudden great heat of the oven does not crack the plates, but it destroys the glaze on the surface, and when that is injured, with each washing the water penetrates to the interior, swells the clay, and results in the articles "coming apart" at an unexpected moment. When the glaze is cracked, too, grease penetrates, and further exposure to heat makes the whole brown and discoloured. A careful cook places her dishes and plates on the rack and in front of the stove to heat directly she commences to prepare her dinner. If you look after your little maid and get her into the habit of putting the ware to heat in good time for dinner, you will avoid what you are now suffering from. (Reply to JOHN DORY.)

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**Try Cucumber** cut in slices an eighth of an inch thick, floured, and fried to a delicate brown as a change in vegetables.

**Preserve Ferns and Grass** in their natural colours by placing them between blotting-paper for forty-eight hours and pressing with a heavy weight. Maidenhair fern can be successfully treated thus.

**Lemon Rice.** Cook three ounces of rice in a pint of milk till tender. Then sweeten to taste, and flavour with essence of lemon. Serve with this sauce: Beat one egg until stiff with two ounces of sugar, then add a gill of boiling water, and flavour with essence of lemon.

**The Spring Medicine** for which you require a recipe is prepared as follows: Mix half an ounce of flowers of sulphur, one ounce of cream of tartar, and half a pound of treacle. Place this in a gallipot, and take a teaspoonful each morning before breakfast till all is used up. (Reply to 4 YORK VILLAS.)

**American Milk Toast.** Take half a pint of milk, a dessertspoonful of butter, and a little sauce to flavour. Place this to heat over the fire, toast slices of bread, lay each slice, as soon as toasted in a deep dish, and pour the milk, etc., over it, cover with another slice, with more of the milk. When the dish is filled pour over the remainder of the milk, cover it and serve hot. (Reply to SAMSON.)

**Tomato Rice** placed as a border to a dish of hashed, or minced meat, is a good addition. Boil two ounces of rice, pour cold water over it, and drain very dry on a sieve by the fire. Melt a lump of butter in a stew-pan, add the rice and sufficient tomato pulp to make all a pretty colour. When the rice is quite hot it should, of course, be stirred; meanwhile, add a tablespoonful of grated cheese, stir it in well, and place as a garnish to the hash. Those who do not object to garlic should add a suspicion of it to the tomato pulp.

**Lettuce Soup** is a dainty dish, and a useful way of using up lettuces that are a little old for salad. Ingredients, three lettuces, three pints of stock, two yolks of eggs, half a pint of milk, one dessertspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper. Warm the stock, and remove from it all the grease with a sheet of paper. Wash the lettuces well, and cut from them the outer leaves. Cut the centre leaves into very thin shreds, and add to the stock. Season with salt and pepper, and boil for half-an-hour. Beat the yolks of egg and milk in a basin, and add to the stock. Then pour together and stir over the fire till the yolks of eggs begin to thicken. Serve at once.

Isobel

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**RULES.**—All persons sending must mark on left-hand top-corner of envelope the words "Pearson's Camera," and send it along with postal order for amount to the manufacturers.

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## POST'S 'C.B.Q.'

THE MOST EFFECTIVE CURE FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

"Beefsteak Club, 24 King William Street, W.C., March 25th, 1898. To the Editor of the Post.—I see in your advertisement in to-day's Daily Telegraph that you publish a letter of mine dated February 9th, 1898, in which I testify to the fact that your 'C.B.Q.' after three months' steady use has cured me of the gout. I hope it may give you as much satisfaction as it gives me to hear that from that day to this I have never had a symptom of the gout, to which I was a martyr before I met the good fortune to take your 'C.B.Q.' As you are well aware, I have no interest whatever in medicine beyond the good it has done to me personally, and the hope that many other sufferers may benefit as I have done from its use. Yours faithfully, W. YARDLEY."

In tasteful Tablets, 2/6 & 4/6. Of Chemists, or Post Free in United Kingdom from A. M. POST (Limited), 88 Leadenhall Street, E.C.

### THE MOST GIANT OFFER OF THE CENTURY.

21/- HANDSOME GENUINE SOLID GOLD-21/- CASED HUNTING LEVER.

A combination of the Largest Watch Manufacturers, Manufacturing Jewellers, and various manufacturers in the world have agreed to supply the public direct with their price list (post free on application) they undertake to send post free, on receipt of 21/-, a magnificent (Lady's or Gent's size) Genuine Solid Gold-Cased Hunting Lever, value 8 guineas, and equal in appearance to one costing 25 guineas, highly jewelled, compensation balance, guaranteed regulated and adjusted, and warranted for 21 years. Send at once, as a limited number only will be sent. All orders executed in rotation. Money returned in full if too late. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "A. & Co."

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## NOW YOU KNOW.

W. R. B. writes: "Your correspondent G. W. does not fully realise 'how good it is to be an Englishman.' The Admiral and several officers of the Turkish fleet, which has not been manned for so many years, are Englishmen, and they draw salaries as stated. It is a good thing to reap the fruits of corruption without sowing the seed. As a matter of fact, the Sultan vetoes the maintenance of the fleet from an uncomfortable suspicion that the guns of the said fleet may some fine morning be trained upon his own palace. This happened to his predecessor."

A NICE point was raised by a correspondent in a letter which he wrote to me the other day. He has observed, as the result of wide reading, that a deformed person representing a character in any story is invariably of bad character, and remarks that Mr. Max Pemberton made Xemino, the hunchback in the "Phantom Army," a traitor, and Mr. Louis Tracy thought fit to portray Jean Carhaix as an undesirable person in the "Lost Provinces." My correspondent is himself a similar unfortunite, in so far as spinal curvature is concerned, but without unnecessary egotism, he considers that his disposition and principles are all as they should be. As the result of my communicating with Mr. Max Pemberton, this gentleman writes, not only defending the traitorous inclinations of Xemino, but to add that "it would be absurd and childish to say that all hale people are good and all deformed people are bad. A novelist takes his types, good and bad, from all classes, whether they be strong or weak, whole or lame. The deformity of this hunchback was just one of those rare cases where deformity may influence a man's mind. But to say that it does so in the ordinary course of life would be quite untrue." This, however, does not alter the fact which my correspondent points out, namely, that few if any books of any importance exist in which the character of a hunchback is shown to be anything but a morally unpleasant one.

PERCIVAL asks: "How can I get an article into your paper?"—There are several ways. If the article is a small one, like a toothbrush or a teapot, spread the paper out on the floor, and then proceed carefully to fold the edges round it. You may also screw it up into a cone and fill it with sugar, or currants, or other things. If, however, you want to do the same thing with a bicycle or an elephant, you won't be able to get it all in at once.

E. C. C. writes: "A friend of mine has just married. His wife's mother's father and his mother's mother are brother and sister. His wife's mother's mother and his father are brother and sister. What relation to him is his wife, irrespective of the marriage?"

A pencil-case will go to the first person who sends in the correct reply on the back of a post-card to the "WIFE'S MOTHER'S FATHER EDITOR."

OPTIC has heard that, in reality, we see things upside down, and wants to know how it is that, under the circumstances, we can manage to keep right end up. I am afraid the subject is rather too abstruse for explanation in a paragraph; but, roughly speaking, it may be said that the brain centres which control our motion do not take cognizance of right or wrong side up. That is a matter for the higher mental faculties, which, in some mysterious way, assess the impressions received through the eye as their true value, or nearly so, although, of course, they are capable of being deceived, as in the case of the bent stick in water. Possibly you read the article which appeared a few weeks ago telling of an enterprising doctor who had a pair of inverted spectacles made in order to correct the apparent mistake of the eye. Of course, everything appeared to be upside down, and it took him several days to get himself accustomed to walking on the pavement like a fly on the ceiling, with his head hanging downwards to the sky. It is not recorded that the experiment was of any lasting value to humanity, but I dare say it amused the doctor.

A. F. is an agent for a big salmon firm, and while buying last week, he was struck with the peculiar way in which the figures worked out, namely, as follows:

| Salmon. | Weight. | Price per lb. | Cost of Salmon. |
|---------|---------|---------------|-----------------|
|         | lb.     | s. d.         | £. s. d.        |
| 1       | 11      | 1 11          | 1 1 1           |

This is certainly extraordinary, and if any other readers have experiences of the same kind, I shall be very pleased to hear of them.

RESULT OF  
CRICKET COMPETITION No. 1.

No competitor has succeeded in correctly naming the results of all the matches this week, and the consolation prize of £25 has therefore been divided amongst the following three readers, each of whom receives £8 6s.:

Albert Holtom (two shares), 11 Holder Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

E. S. Hornblower, 1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, E.C.  
Arthur Wheeler, 64 Bridge Street, Workop.

WITH reference to W. H. R.'s remarks which appeared in a recent number of P.W. regarding the high honorarium paid to medical men, Dr. James Gale writes to say that he never lived in Bristol, and that the disease which he cured was gangrene of the big toe, complicated by aneurism in the bend of the knee, and that the reward he received from his grateful patient for the successful operation, was an annuity which is represented by four figures.

A. W.—More than a thousand tons of sealing-wax are used annually by the Post Office. Yet, despite the fact that they are so accustomed to its use, and that "familiarity breeds contempt," there is hardly one Post Office employé who does not yell when a piece drops on his finger instead of the parcel.

S. P. asks: "How is it that we do not see stirrups on ancient equestrian statues?"—The reason usually advanced is that they were unknown to the ancients. Gracchus, we are told, fitted the highways with stones to enable the horsemen to mount, and warriors had projections on their spears for the same purpose. Yet it seems strange that so simple and useful a contrivance was not known. The evidence of statuary is not quite reliable, for many details of costume were omitted by sculptors. Representations of chariot horses without yoke or traces are not uncommon; horseshoes and spurs never appear. There is something like one stirrup on an antique in the Vatican.

EACH of the following sentences indicates one of Shakespeare's characters. A solid silver pencil-case goes to the first competitor who correctly solves the following, and a pencil-case to each of the next best fifty. Simply write down on a post-card the number and your answer against each. Address your post-card to the SHAKESPEARIAN EDITOR, to arrive at this office not later than the first post on Monday, June 13th.

1. Puritan habits.
2. A February visitant.
3. A constant companion.
4. A sausage, and a two.
5. A solemn declaration, and two letters.
6. To reckon, the window of the soul, and a city.
7. Himself, myself, and a letter.
8. The shepherd's servant, and the bird's provision.
9. Fair play, and suicide's frustration.
10. A poet.
11. A country, a verb, and a wind instrument.
12. Very cosy.
13. To injure, and with several heads.
14. A queen, and covered with buttons.
15. A village.
16. Unfastened.
17. A rich man, and a smile.
18. The heart, a classic heroine, a road, and ourselves.

J. A.—Yes; but that was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was on Easter Sunday, 1596. An order was given in the morning to raise 1,000 able-bodied men for immediate service for the relief of the French in Calais against the Spaniards. The Lord Mayor and the proper officers went from church to church in the City of London during Divine service, guarded the door to prevent escape, and thus completed the levy.

PONY.—The term "macaroni" was applied to the breed of ponies still to be seen in Naples. At one time a large export trade in these animals was carried on from the South of Italy; some were sent to America, which no doubt accounts for the (apparently) strange rhyme in "Yankee Doodle." Cab-drivers in Naples still fix a feather upright between their ponies' ears. "Macaroni" is a reference to the Neapolitan diet.

It was mentioned in P.W. the other week that since the death of Mr. Brandram the fashion of reciting whole plays seems to have gone out, and that there is at present no one who could fill the position which that gentleman occupied. I find, however, that I am mistaken. Mr. Charles Fry, the well-known reciter, is quite as capable as his predecessor. Mr. Fry can and does recite the following plays of Shakespeare: *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Macbeth*. In addition to these plays, which he could recite from memory at a moment's notice, he continually recites several scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Julius Caesar*, *Othello*, *Henry IV. (Part I)*, *Henry V.*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *King John*, and others. Mr. Fry's repertoire is not at all confined to the above, for he is the only reciter who has to any extent done such musical works (which is probably more difficult than the plays) as Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, *Antigone*, *Oedipus*, Weber's *Preciosa*, Schumann's *Manfred*, Mackenzie's *Dream of Jobal*, and many other musical works, besides over 100 modern scenes, poems, and humorous pieces.

NAT would like to know if it is true that certain animals can see behind them without turning their heads. The common hare and rabbit have this power in a marked degree. The eyes are large, prominent, and placed on the side of the head. Nature has also endowed the deer with the same useful faculty.

MOUNT.—There are quite one hundred roads of one kind and another over the Pyrenees between France and Spain, but only three of these are passable for carriages.

J. P. H.—Yes, certainly. Extreme heat is much more fatal to human life than extreme cold. In the tropics the rate of mortality is very high, while in the North of Europe it is strikingly low. If the sort of weather we're having now continues, though, right through the summer, the mortality is not likely to be very great.

THIS is being penned at a time when bank clerks are looking forward to a holiday which affects them as a body more than any other profession, that is to say, Bank Holiday. There are thousands upon thousands of clerks in these institutions all over the country, and I want to make a special appeal to them as a body this week on behalf of the FRESH AIR FUND. Before these lines are published they will have had their holiday, and no doubt will have had a good time. They will know what it is to get away from the cares and worries of a city life for just a few hours. But the bank clerk has other holidays in the course of the summer. Still he looks forward to the holiday set aside by Act of Parliament as a sort of haven in a storm. Now if he is so thankful to get the Bank Holiday, how much more grateful must the little slum child be for just one day in the year? Therefore I hope bank clerks as a body will make a collection during the week this number of P.W. is on sale. It only costs ninepence to make a child happy, and surely all can afford at least that amount. It will help the object in view if this paragraph is cut out by whoever reads it, and posted up in a conspicuous place in the bank.

R. E. R. has an office at Tilbury Docks, and he, together with those who use it, have established a rule, that if anyone makes use of unparliamentary language within the precincts of this place, he is expected to pay one halfpenny into the general fund, and all those lightermen who use a certain axe to chop off the iron bands round bales, preparatory to Customs inspection, are charged a penny. The amount thus collected is going to be devoted to the FRESH AIR FUND. This is a scheme which might be adopted with advantage to the morals of the givers, and to the happiness of the receivers, in the case of many a big factory and warehouse.

## Amount Previously Acknowledged, £587 10s. 7d.

Miss Lillian, 1s.; Wally, 1s.; J. and C. C., 2s.; Jackie, 1s.; Limerick, 9d.; F. R. Irving Hamilton, 2s. 6d.; E. C. K. W., £2 2s.; Mrs. F. Smith, 9d.; Valves, 6d.; W. W., 3s. 3d.; "Alma," 1s. 6d.; Arthur, 9d.; Achewoo, 2s. 6d.; D. Peters, 1s.; H. W., 6d.; E. Q., 1s.; A. W. H., 2s. 6d.; Competition, 1s. 11d.; S. Dunster, 1s.; Anon., 1d.; Sympathy, 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; H. V. Leigh, 2s. 6d.; F. J. H., 4d.; L. Ford, 1s. 6d.; W. Waterman, 9d.; A. F., 1s.; B. M. W., 9d.; Pencil, 1s. 6d.; W. F. M. Hawkins, 3s.; H. de B., 1s.; G. F. M., 8s. 9d.; E. A. S., 6d.; G. I. W., 4s.; Bogie Man, 9d.; Yelrom, 1s.; A. Cretan Exile, 2d.; For the Sake of My Little Ones, 2s. 6d.; Margaret and Nancy, 2d.; Hope, 1s.; W. E. Crisp, 2s.; For One of the Youngsters, 9d.; G. J. Marriott, 9d.; Miss Lavis, 9d.; E. P. and L. Allenby, 10s.; M. Holden, 2d.; W. E. H. and F., 6s.; Sergeant Harwood, 1s.; Brigands, 9d.; L. S., 1s. 6d.; Sergeant Moss, 9d.; Field Battery R.A. (Limerick), 10s.; G. T., 1s. 6d.; Dennis Thompson, 1s. 6d.; Windemere, 1s. 6d.; M. Marshall, 1s.; S. R. and Others, 3s. 9d.; Cricket Competition, 2s. 6d.; W. Prowse, 2s.; C. Greville, 1s.; C. T. Lewis, 1s.; Dorothy, 2s. 6d.; Chippy and Bobbie, 1s. 6d.; K. M. S., 1s. 6d.; P. G. L., 1s. 6d.; Pink, 6d.; Oscone, 11d.; Ray H., 9d.; Expectation, 5s.; W. B. Ford, 1s.; Colonel and Mrs. Evans, 5s.; E. A. C., 6d.; Starlight, 1s.; A. Happy and Fond Mother, 10s.; 95 Earl's Court Road, 3s.; Fife, 1s.; Mrs. Waddington, 2s. 6d.; W. J. White, 6d.; Mrs. J. A. Detmold, 6s.; W. T. and B. F. (Eastbourne), 2s.; Anon., 1s.; Mrs. Wells, 1s. 6d.; W. C. Wark, 2s. 3d.; Scottish Borderer, 1s. 6d.; Three Glazed Hams, 2d.; C. Manchester, 2s. 3d.

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They are made of material equal to wool, and, being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the Purchasers all Middle Profits.

OVER 200,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS.

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**MONEY WILLINGLY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED.**

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"The Countess of Selkirk would thank the British Carpet Co. to send her another Carpet, similar to the one she got from them a fortnight ago, which is most satisfactory."

"1 Tyne View Villa, St. Helen's, Isle of Wight.  
"Lady Ida Lorne begs to inform the British Carpet Co. that she is so much pleased with the two Carpets and the two Rugs they sent her a week ago that she begs them to send her, to the above address, two more similar Carpets and Rugs."

All orders despatched same day as received.

Cheques and Postal Orders to be crossed "Union Bank," and made payable to J. HANCOCK & SONS, ESTABLISHED 1872. Address:

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| SIZES AND PRICES. |              | Sale Former |               |
|-------------------|--------------|-------------|---------------|
| No.               | ft. in.      | ft. in.     | Price. Price. |
| 1...              | 9 0 by 6 0   | 5 6         | 9 0           |
| 2...              | 9 0 by 7 6   | 7 0         | 11 9          |
| 3...              | 9 0 by 9 0   | 8 6         | 13 6          |
| 4...              | 10 6 by 7 6  | 8 9         | 13 9          |
| 5...              | 10 6 by 9 0  | 10 0        | 15 6          |
| 6...              | 12 0 by 9 0  | 11 6        | 18 0          |
| 7...              | 10 6 by 10 6 | 12 0        | 18 6          |
| 8...              | 12 0 by 10 6 | 13 6        | 20 6          |

| SIZES AND PRICES. |              | Sale Former |               |
|-------------------|--------------|-------------|---------------|
| No.               | ft. in.      | ft. in.     | Price. Price. |
| 9...              | 15 0 by 9 0  | 14 3        | 22 6          |
| 10...             | 13 6 by 10 6 | 15 3        | 24 0          |
| 11...             | 13 6 by 12 0 | 15 3        | 24 0          |
| 12...             | 13 6 by 12 0 | 17 0        | 27 0          |
| 13...             | 15 0 by 12 0 | 18 0        | 32 0          |
| 14...             | 15 0 by 12 0 | 22 9        | 36 0          |
| 15...             | 21 0 by 12 0 | 26 0        | 42 0          |

These Carpets are splendid imitations of Real Brussels Carpets, the designs having been carefully copied from the originals, both as regards colourings and patterns, so that when in use it is almost impossible, except by close scrutiny, to detect the difference. All designs are registered, and deservedly considered works of art. We can confidently recommend them for use in the Dining and Drawing Rooms, or any rooms and landings where hard wear is a necessity.

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Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

"Bedford Row, High Wycombe, Bucks.  
"Gentlemen,—I have seen some of the Brussels Carpets and Rugs sent by your firm, and think they are really a marvel. Please forward goods as follows, etc.—Yours faithfully,  
"Rev. J. H. MAY."

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**EDWARDS'**

# HARLENE FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT

**Hair Producer & Restorer.**

No Other Near it in

**REPUTATION, MERIT, OR SALE**

The **BRITISH AND COLONIAL DRUGGIST**, in its issue of April 8th, announces the result of a competition to decide which preparation for the hair has the largest sale. This competition, open to all Chemists and Druggists, and their Assistants, has placed

**EDWARDS' 'HARLENE' FOR THE HAIR**

**AT THE TOP OF THE POLL  
BY A GREAT MAJORITY.**

The **BRITISH AND COLONIAL DRUGGIST** says:

"For the first place 'Harlene' received no less than 78 per cent. of the votes, considerably more than three times those awarded for first place to all the other preparations put together."

Edwards' 'Harlene' has for years enjoyed the **HIGHEST REPUTATION.**

The Chemists declare that it has the **LARGEST SALE.**

Obviously it must possess the **GREATEST MERIT.**

The vote of the chemists is the same as the vote of the public, the **UNIVERSAL VERDICT** on EDWARDS' "HARLENE" being that it is

**UNRIVALLED AS A PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR.**

1/-, 2/6, and (Triple 2/6 size) 4/6 per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores all over the World, or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

Edwards' "HARLENE" Co., 95 & 96 High Holborn, London, W.C.

**DON'T BE BACKWARD**

... IN SAYING ...

**"I DON'T WANT IT"**

when your Chemist or Grocer tells you some other is "just as good" "D.C.L.," but insist upon having it, for the "D.C.L." Malt Extract is only supreme, but has no rival near the throne. Both in digestive and in waste repairing and tissue forming power it is unique and similar preparations. It not only helps the digestion and assimilation of the food, but it is in itself a food of distinct nutritive value.

The "D.C.L." Malt Extract has a vast sphere of usefulness. It is practically indispensable in the nursery and the sick-room, and it adds largely not only to the healthiness, but to the efficiency and pleasure of life through the seven acts of the strange eventful history of man's life.—From infant mewling and puking in the nurse's arms, even to the last scene of all, of second childishness and mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Can be had combined with Cod Liver Oil.

Sole Makers: The Distillers Company Limited, Edinburgh.

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**COLMAN'S**

**DSF MUSTARD**

**Colman's No. 1 Starch**